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# EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1831. WHOLK NUMBER INSURD, 2015.

#### UNDER THE PORTRAIT. SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY RUTH RUSTIC.

Under the portrait grim and tall, Stands a young maiden lithe and small. Hushing her breath for her lover's call, In the dead of the wild midnight Like a dreary age drag the moments by On the parlor wall swings the portrait high, Fixing on her its cold, hard eye,

Smiling as if in spite.

She flings on the picture a glance of scorn Shall I ever be like unto that old crone. So hideously homely and haggard and worn-I'd somer by far to die Then the lips so locked in a stern repose Seemed for an instant's space to unclose:

'Ha! though your cheek outblusheth the ruse

You'll be like me by and by '

Hush who is that tape on the casement now ! The shadow flies from the beauty's brow, (Can it ever be ploughed by Time's rude plough,) Stealthy she steals through her sire's halls, Light as a snow-flake her footstep falls-Turn back, Lisette!" 'tis thy mother calls

She bounds to her lover's arms They're away, they're away, with hearts on fire Bravely they speed through the tempest's ire, moon hath gone out, and the stars expire,

And the wind waik over the moor ' Now woe! for the mother who mourns her child, And woe ' for the father with anger wild. And woe for her, the passion-beguiled,

Who flies from the homestead door Under the portrait grim and tall, tandeth a woman shrunken and small-The picture smiles from the parlor wall,

And it seemeth to say in that bitter leer, "Can you tell me aught of a maiden fair Who tossed in my face her golden hair,

As she fled, one stormy night?"
Then the lady, blighted in her prime, Bethought her then of her gay youth-time Ere the dew from her heart was scorched by Tim-Or the shining hair bleached white.

She bowed her head in her hands and wept For the dear ones yet in her memory kept, Who lay 'neath the kirk-yard moss and slept Heart-broke for their erring child. Aye, her tears gushed down like a waterfall

While the sead Past rose from its shroud and pall, But the portrait hung on the parlor wall, Looked fown and grimly smiled Washington City, Feb. 1860.

# THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTHE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

ording to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon A Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania 1

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WATERING PLACE.

Seven years to look forward to seems an almost interminable period of time; it is long in the passing, for we count it by hours, and what is it in the retrospect? a little bubble, as it were, on the ocean, a speck in the span some of them again.

Seated on the sands of a fashionable watering place was a group of ladies, and a few Miss Lake "Medical men are always—" children played round about them. Some "Hush, Augusta! Here he is. Don't ask were working, some were reading, some were enjoying, in idleness and silence, the fresh were that came wafting over the sea, and some were watching the sports of the children ongregated together, rather apart from the rest, but still within reach of speech and hear-They were intent on their own pursuits, libraries, and the fashionable promenades of

You may say what you will, Miss Lake," et distinguished looking man here. Am I right or not?" she added, appealing to her to favor, and which can never be assumed by ompanions.

The speaker was a tall, stately girl, with of General Vaughan. The Miss Lake she had replied to was plain and cynical.

Darlington. "I know he is the pleasantest man staying at Seaford. I don't like your distinguished looking men in general, they approachable, two faults that he steers wide of. He danced with me twice last night."

A slight smile, suppressed out of good manners, appeared on the lips of several.

Miss Vaughan was the only one who spoke.

"Dancing goes for nothing. A man may

whirl his legs off, dancing with a woman, and yet not care for her: while he may be secretly attached to one, whom he never asks to walk through a quadrille."

"You say that, because he sits at your side in the rooms, and talks to you by the hour together, Helen Vaughan," interposed one, who was given to freedom of speech, "but you will be none the nearer him, for all that. I don't believe he cares two pins for any girl at

A tale telling fush rose to the face of Helen Vaughan. She shook back her head haugh tily, as if to intimate that retort would be be-

"Talking about the rooms, though, who was it he was with a good deal last night?" asked Miss Lake. "I have not seen her there before A lovely girl."

"I'm sure I saw him with no lovely girl at the rooms tast night." struck in Helen

"I know who Miss Lake means," cried Fanny Darlington. "She is lovely. She sat with a tall, majestic looking lady, quite a Juno, and he kept coming up to them. I was near, when he asked her to dance; she refused, and said her mamma wished her not, and he turned to the Juno, and demanded whether it was

"A very ugly Juno in face, whatever she may be in figure," interrupted Augusta Lake. "How you do stop me! The June said him with her handsome eves. Yes; she thought it better that (I could not catch the name,) should not dance with him, she would have no plea for refusing others."

"Some second-rate city people, who would stick themselves up for 'quality,' and say the frequenters of the rooms are not good enough for them," remarked the General's daughter,

"No, they don't look like that; quite an other sort of thing," exclaimed a young lady who had not yet spoken. "I think they ers 'quality,' not would-be." "Rubbish!" cried Miss Lake. "How do

you know anything of them, Mary Miller?" 'I have the use of my eyes, and saw them as well as you, that's all. You know that child, who came on the sands yesterday morning with a maid and an old black servant ?" Well, what of him ?"

"In the afternoon I saw her-the young lady-driving about with the same child." returned Miss Miller, "therefore I infer that they are people of consequence."

"How can you infer it?" flashed Helen Vaughan, as if the remark disturbed her temper. "Every soul sojourning at Seaford is seen driving out now and they. You are turning silly, Mary Miller." Mary Miller laughed.

"The servants and carriage were well appointed; not like the gaudy, vulgar things generally brought here, or the rickety tumbledowns, hired. The silver-plates of the harness and the panels of the carriage displayed a coronet."

'A coronet!" broke simultaneously from the lips of more than one listener.

"An earl's coronet. So, if she is an earl's daughter, as we may assume, it would be somewhat in/ra dig for her to be found footing it in rooms, liable to be waltzed about by any elerk from London, who may pay his subscrip tion to go in-whatever you may say to the ontrary, Miss Vaughan."

"It is singular I should not have observed days, and weeks, and months, and years; but them last night," was Miss Vaughan's re- Mr. Grey. I want to go for my spade."

have gone over the heads of the actors in this He went out with them, but he came back history, and now the reader is invited to meet again. He appeared to know them intimately."

"Some of his patients, no doubt," cried

who the people are."

A tall, aristocratic man—or, as Miss Vaughan had described him, a distinguished me-was approaching the group. The thought and chatting sociably. A bery of girls had ful look of his intelligent countenance, full o the beauty of intellect, gave him the appear ance of being somewhat older than his age, which may have been near five-and-twenty their peculiar interests; dress, flirtation; the But it was neither for his fine form nor his handsome face that he was popular, popular the day; and the assemblies in the rooms at | with all classes; it was for his charm of man ner. Quiet and refined, gentlemanly in bear ing and in thought, he yet bore about his exclaimed one, "but I maintain that he is the that ready frankness of speech, that winning courtesy to others, which is the great passport

those who possess it not. A change came over them all; that change aquiline features, pale and classic, a daughter from apathy to interest which the presence of such a man is sure to bring. Perhaps there was not a girl, sitting there, but would have 'I don't care whether he's 'distinguished been glad to be his chosen, for, independent have heard from town.' looking' or not," spoke up a pretty girl, Fanny of his own attractions, his prospects in life were exceeding fair.

He shook hands with some, he chatted with think so much of themselves, and are so un- all, but Helen Vanghan contrived to monopolize him-as she generally did. He thought nothing of her doing so, for he was accustom-"And not once with Augusta Lake, and ed to the homage of women; he never sus-

"How is Lady Grey !"

the sands until later; if at all to-day."

"How vexations!" uttered Miss Vaughan. 'Vexations that she should be ill, and vexations on my own account," she added, with am doing, Mr. Grey."

"Very complicated work, it seems to me," was his laughing reply, as he glanced at the ragile fabric of threads she held out to him. "I cannot get on with it, do you know. I pany her?"

am doing it under Lady Grey's instructions, I thought mamma would not mind my walking slone through the streets, I would go to you house, and take them from her. Is she well nough to see friends ?" continued the young lady, quickly.

"Quite well enough for that, but she does not feel sufficiently strong for exertion of the imbs," was Mr. Grey's answer.

"I think I must go to her for instructions then! It is so tiresome to be at a standstill. Scaides, I am working against time, for this is for a wedding present.

"I can tell you how to go on with it, if you choose," interrupted Augusta Lake, "without your troubling Lady Grey."

Helen Vaughan shook her head dubiously. "But if you should tell me wrong, and I had the work to pick out again! No, I would rather trust to Lady Grey, as she has shown me all throughout. Would it be troubling her too much, Mr. Grey ?" she added, appealing to

"On the contrary, I fancy my mother would be glad to receive you. On these monoton-ons mornings when the is confined to the sofa, she is often ple led at the sight of a visitor."

away, she stood where she was, and seemed to be in perplexed deliberation.

"I scarcely know what to be at; mamma has so great a dislike to our walking through the streets alone." Augusta Lake's lip curled scornfully.

"Will you scoopt of my escort?" asked Mr. Grey. Could be say anything less? "Oh, thank you," exclaimed Helen, with a

rosy flush. "Though I am extremely sorry to give you the trouble, Mr. Grey."

had taken a step or two by her side, little pale lad in a plain washing tunic dress and white cellar, with a straw bat on, tied served Lady Oakburn. round with a bit of straw-colored ribbon, had run up to the group and laid hold of him. quality or condition, his attire was simple, he is, making love to Helen Vaughan. equally worn by one of no rank, or by the ral's eyes; not it, say I; there's the baronetey

"Hey, Frank? Where did you spring have her, for she's dying for him."

"Mamma's there. She said I might run to

"Who is that child, Mr. Grey?" inquired me of the ladies.

perched him on his shoulder.

"Tell who you are, Frank." Master Frank did not choose to speak; he

neck; the fingers of the other he inserted in a man as he." his own mouth. "The child was here yesterday with a black

servant," began Miss Lake, "but—"
"It was Pompey," interrupted the boy, finding his tongue. "Put me down, please,
The reader may wonder at the characteristic between the bar of the control of the contr

shamed of you; not to tell your name when you are asked it." "It's Frank," said the boy, running away

ver the sand.

Who is he really, Mr. Grey !"

" Lord Oakburn. dies from close by.

"The same," said Mr. Grey. "He is a was so popular as Sir Stephen Grey;

bathing.

sked Helen Vaughan, in a cold tone.

pected Sir Stephen down last Sunday." nable to come. He will be here next Satur- ladies to aim at.

day, if not prevented again."

"Thank you," he replied, "she is not well Mr. Grey joined her, and they stood together this morning. I begged her not to come on conversing in an under tone; or, rather, he speaking and she listening.

Helen Vaughan watched them, watched ther with a resentful spirit and lealous eves. She waited at long as her chafed temper would let fascinating smile. "You see this work that I ber, and then sent her sister, a temboy of twelve, with a message.

"Mr. Grey," cried the girl, running up, "Helen says have you forgotten that she is waiting, or is it inconvenient for you to accom-

He was walking with his companion then, and cannot tell which part to take up next. If slowly, in the direction of Helen Vanghan; she saved up and met them.

"It may be inconvenient to you, Mr. Grey." "By no means." The two young ladies stood facing each other, scanning each other's fea-tures, waiting, as it appeared to him, for an in-troduction. He knew Miss Vaughan's position, as the daughter of a general officer, would justify his making it, and he did so.

"Lady Lucy Chesney: Miss Vaughan." Two cold, civil curtseys, a few equally cold and civil words, and then Miss Vaughan turned away in the direction of the town, Frederick Grey walking by her side.

Lucy went back to Lady Oakburn, but the latter was no longer alone. One of the ladies who had formed part of the working and chattering group, hearing Mr. Grey speak of the arrival of the Countess of Oakburn, proclaimed her acquaintanceship with her and hastened away to join her. The acquaintanceship was exarising only from the fact that they had met once or twice in town.

She had already begun to regale Lady Oakburn with the scandal of the place. Lucy sat down and listened to it.

"You know that young Mr. Grey !" she exclaimed.

"Very well indeed," replied the countess Sir Stephen, besides being our medical at-iendant, is one of my personal friends. And Lady Grey we esteem highly. Her being at Beaford caused me to fix on the place for my

"If young Grey gets away heart whole, I shall wonder," cried Mrs. Ducie, who was an in-satiable gossip. "That handsome girl, Helen Vaughan, has made a dead set at him ever since he has been here, and he does not respond to it unwillingly. Some say when he found himself pulled backwards. A already made her an offer, but I don't know." "I scarcely think it likely," quietly ob-

"You would, if you saw them together. He is ever with her, evidently smitten; on the There was nothing about the child to tell his sands, in the promenade, in the rooms; there suited to the sea-side, and might have been think his profession will be a bar in the gene to set-off against it. It is to be hoped he will

> Lucy Chesney sat tracing characters on the sand, a somewhat favorite action of hers : her head was bent low. Lady Oakburn wore an in-

credulous smile.
"Frederick Grey has not been at Scaford a Mr. Grey had caught the boy in his arms and fortnight, scarcely long enough to justify a young lady's dying for him."

But look at bis attractions!" breathlessly looked shy. One hand stole round Mr. Grey's quite sufficient space to fall in love with such lous heart had pictured; whirling round in Vaughan. She said the day was as good as

"I don't know that," smiled Lady Oakburn. "But falling in love is one thing, and dying is another. However it may be, I do not fancy

The reader may wonder at the change in the fortunes of Stephen Grey, but his settling in ark. "There you are, then," he returned, de-lendon had been the turning-point in his "They did not stay long," said Fanny Dar-positing him on his legs. "But, Frank, I am luck, and in the whole seven years, nearly nothing but rise. Practice had flown in to to that of Lucy Chesney with her retiring race, shaded by the trees around from observahim, and he obtained a name; how valuable grace, her exquisite features, her complexion tion. She leaned over the iron rails and look that is to a London physician, let them tell of damask purity, and her large, brilliant, but sel down on the gardens sloping below, so cold you next he had been appointed to attend on royalty, and was knighted by the Queen; and "Lord Oakburn!" repeated one of the elder | now about twelve months back, his patent of "The young Earl of baronetcy had been made out, for Oakburn, who was born when his father Grey, and his heirs for ever." There was scarcely a medical man in the metropolis, who consewhat delicate boy, and Lady Oakburn tainly none who had risen so rapidly. Frederick followed his father's profession, and would sathing." "It was his mother we saw you so amiable occurred in his medical studies, for when Sir with at the rooms last night, then?" cried Sephen found his fortunes rising, he judged Miss Lake. "And the young lady-his sister?" it right to afford Frederick the advantages of a more liberal education, and he was despatched "Are they patients of yours. Mr. Grey." to keep his terms at the Oxford University. No wonder he was sought after; the heir to a "Of Sir Stephen's; not of mine," he laughed, baronetey, and the inheritor of wealth, for Sir "By the way, Mr. Gray, I thought you ex- Stephen was putting by largely, added to his own attractions of person, and his high cha-"We expected him on Saturday, but he was racter, might well be deemed a prize for young

Mrs. Ducle said the should wonder if young to dance to night." Lord Oakburn came up again, spade in hand. Grey got away from Seaford heart-whole; but "Mr. Grey, Lucy says I am to tell you we young Grey, though Mrs. Ducie might not suspect the fact, had not been heart whole when "Is Lucy there?" suddenly responded Mr. he arrived at it. His love had long been given Grev. turning his head, "She told me she-" to Lucy Chesney. Lady Oakburn, poor for her The words died away with the steps of the station, and living in a retired manner in her others, he had a pleasant look and word for speaker. At some distance, tracing character is all, but Helen Vaughan contrived to monopoters on the sands with her parasol, stood a of the year, had become very intimate with Sir young lady, a few yards removed from the Stephen and Lady Grey. The two families had tice it. Counters of Oakburn, who had already found centinually met, and an attachment had a quiet seat. She looked about nineteen, an sprung up between Frederick and Lucy. Lady that's why she is abusing him this mornpected she had a motive in it, or that she was elegant girl of middle height and graceful moCakburn had neither detected nor suspected it permitting herself to become attached to him. Ition, her features inexpressibly refined and until it was too late; too late for the peace of

beautiful, her complexion bright and delicate. | each to interfere. She said nothing, she satisfied herself by observation that her foars wen correct, and then she wrote to Lady Jan Chesney. Lady Oakburn herself would have deemed Frederick Grey a sufficiently eligible match for Lucy, but she knew the prejudices of the Chesney family. She stated her discovery, her conviction that they were irre-vocably attached to each other, and craved advice of Lady Jane. Lady Jane gave it; and its purport surprised the countess—to let things take their course. Lady Jane greatly admired Prederick Grey, and his position would be good, though, in point of rank and family, not a Cheeney's equal; but if Lucy had learns to love him, she would not be so cruel as to separate them. Such was the tener of her reply, and Lady Oakburn, in the joy of her heart, for she had dreaded she knew not what thunderbolts, unwittingly suffered somewhat of it to escape to Lucy. Lucy, as she gathered the sense, hid her face to conceal its burning blush, a blush almost touching upon shame, for no word of love, no spoken intimation of his own feelings, had yet been given her by Prederick Grey.

This was just before their visit to Seaford. Medical men have their prejudices in favor of certain watering places, some patronising this, others that. Sir Stephen Grey's pet place was Seaford; it was where he recommended all his patients. His wife, whose health was not less precarious than formerly, generally went to it ce a year. Frederick, this year, was staying with her; and when the young Karl of Oakburn appeared to be languishing for change of air. Sir Stephen ordered him to Seaford-Sir. Stephen having no conception that his mandate would be welcome to his son and to Lney Chesney, for he had been oblivious as any old blind beetle to what was passing unde very nose. So Lucy Chesney was at Seaford. and Lucy heard the rumors and opinions obtaining there-that Mr. Grey was "in love" with Helen Vaughan; and as the days went on, and she looked around her, what she saw, or thought she saw, tended to confirm Jealousy, you know, makes the food it

The scene ment such as those we read of in the Arabian Nights. The hanging terraces, redolent with the perfume of the night flowers, reposed calmly in the moonlight, while the assembly were thrown open, brilliant with light. Fairy forms flitted within them, and the aweetest strains of music charmed the ear; hearts were beating, pulses quickening, and care, in that one dizzy spot, seemed gone from the world

A fete, in aid of some local charity, was being held at the assembly rooms; a few of the most influential names staying at Seaford haring been solicited to patronize it. The Right Lieutenant General Vaughan, C. B., of course, has consented." the patronizers could but attend it. The weeks had been running on, and the time of their stay at Seaford was drawing to a close.

An accident delayed the Countess's attendreturned Mrs. Ducie. "A fortnight's time is she saw, and of nothing less; of what her jea- just then you went by, waiting with Helen Frederick Grey and Helen Vaughan. A pang, Lucy what she thought, and she said it looked almost as of death, shot through Lucy's heart. like it, and had for some time. and she turned her jealous eyes away, from

stately and fair, a fit companion to mate with what had come over him. Mr. Gree : but what was her beauty compared white flowing robes, soft as a fleecy cloud, still, too, was her own face, cold and still felt both looked beautiful, and the eyes of the nity occurred of slipping out unperceadmiration followed Lu-v Chesney.

to Lucy. She affected not to see him approach, and he had to touch her to obtain her heavens, and the fragrant blessoms rose at her

Oh, I beg your pardon. Good-evening. "Lucy, how late you are." The first dance you were engaged to me for is over." "It is of little consequence," she spoke, in

Not to dance ' You are joking. We have been talking of this evening for days past. You said you should enjoy an evening's dancing

again; it would be something new He held out his arm, for the band had struck up again-the Lancers' Quadrilles.

"Ob, are you waiting! I told you I should

not stand up." "But why !" he exclaimed.

"I do not feel inclined. You had better get ther partner before it is too late. There are plenty waiting-Miss Lake, Miss Vaughan, Miss Darlington-look at them round the room. Go

He could not understand her had been pained several times by her manner lately. It never occurred to him to suppose that she could be jealous of him, for Prederick (Prey was not a vain man; in his attention to others he had meant nothing; his heart was full of Lucy Chesney, but it is not in the nature of true love, ever timid, ever shrinking to pa-rade its signs openly in the sight of others, and latterly he had rarely seen Lucy alone.— He had been sought, unconsciously to him-self, by the many young ladies forming the autumn society at Seaford: had been, it may be said, haunted by them, especially by Helen Vaughan, and half his hours were spent with them, with little seeking of his own. Not that he disliked it; Frederick Grey was no more insensible to the charms of a pretty girl than are other men; aithough he loved Lucy Ches-

"Lucy, what is the matter? Why will you not dance with me? What have I done?" "Done?" repeated Lucy, in a tone of indifferent surprise; "I told you I did not used in-clined to dance this evening."

"There must be some reason."

You may think so, if you please. " It looks very like caprice, Lucy."

"Caprice? Oh, yee, that is it. It is ca-"Once for all ; will you stand up with me?"

he continued, holding out again his arm. " No, I will not. Thank you, all the same." She spoke with a touch of scorn, and Fredeick turned haughtily away. Helen Vaughan stood in his road, and he took her again. It ed that she stood in his way very much, for he danced with her frequently. Once he took Fanny Darlington; it was growing late

She was a giddy romp, caring little west she said, and an adept in the amiable pastime of "teasing." She commenced its exercise on

Mr. Grey. "When is the wedding to be " cried she. What wedding ?"

"As if you did not know! It can mean no thing less. "I must beg you to enlighten me."

"Why your attention in a certain quarter. People say it is so very marked, that there is

no mistaking it." A tinge of red dyed Frederick Grey's natarally pale features; he thought she alluded to Lucy Cheeney.

"People are busy, Miss Darlington : they al-

ways were, and always will be." When they have cause given them." laughed Miss Darlington. "Look at the many times Honorable the Countess of Oakburn's was the you have danced with her to-night. Mrs. Du first on the list, which also contained that of cie says she knows, for a fact, that the General

"Danced with her to-night! the General ented! I don't understand!" uttered

Frederick. "I was talking to Lady Lucy Chesney, halfance until late. As her party entered the an hour ago, persuading her not to mind her room, Lucy Chesney's eyes ranged over it, in headache, but to dance—sowretched, you know, search of what? Exectly in search of what to sit out all night! Mrs. Ducle came up, and the many walts, his arm round her waist, his fixed, and the General had given his consent ; hand clasping hers, and his eyes bent upon her Mrs. Lake vowed it was not true, and she and in admiration, or what looked like it, were Mrs. Ducle had an argument. I asked Lady

Frederick Grey never answered, and he went through the rest of the figures like one in a Helen Vanghan looked well; tall, regal, trance. Miss Darlington grew cross, and asked

Lacy Chasmey sweetly tender eyes? Both were dressed in and still in the bright mosnlight. Cold and but while Miss Vaughan displayed an elabo- her unhappy heart, for its pulses seemed as rate set of ornaments, emeralds set in gold, if turned to stone. She had remained in the Lady Lucy were nothing but pearls a pearl room, watching him with her rival, until she necklace and pearl bracelets, pendant, by far thought she should have died with the effort the better taste for a young lady. Still they to conceal her misery, and when an opportuwhole room were on them Helen Vaughan did so. And there she stood in latter misery, was praised in words, but a murmur of husbed believing that he whom she -- passionately loved had forgotten her for another. The The waltz was over, and Mr. Grey took his sound of laughter, of merriment, came from other to her mother, he then made his way the rooms, the rich strains of the music floated feet; all pleasant things, but they grated harsh-ly in that moment on Lucy a heart.

For the last few mouths she had been living in a dream, a blissful dream, as of Eden. She had not cared to analyze it. She only knew her cold resentment. "I do not feel inclined that the very step of Frederick Grey brought to her a rapture as if the oun had suddenly shone, that his voice was sweeter than the sweetest music, that the touch of his hand thrilled through her every vein the sunny spring tide of love had some to her; and she had been glad that it should never pass

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his shwing hands She turned her head away, and would not no- Every moment, lightly shaken can itself in golden

sands. Love took up the harp of life and smote on all tea

chords with might, Smote the chord of self, which trembling, passed

in music out of sight.

nobody, as I've asked you these questions about Mrs. Crane, I've a reason not, says she

to me last night. 'Mum, you may put your

But you are safe, you are, Judy, and we

repeat it, I know. You were one of us with her too. I thought to myself this morning,

Now if I could see Judy Ford, I'd tell her

this; but I wouldn't open my lips to nebody else, and shan't, as the widder has asked me

not. That other widder, Gould, I wouldn't

farnish with a hint of it, if it was to save my

life; she's such a magpie, 'twould be over the

town after the next hour if she got hold of it."

"I suppose so. She and her child."

six or seven. Come and look at him."

Does she mean to live here all alone?" in-

"Didn't I tell ye there was a boy in the on

Mrs. Pepperfly rose and sailed indoors; Ju-

quiet-looking child with light flaxen hair fall-

ing over his features. Judith looked at him,

and looked again; she was struck with his

likeness to somebody, but could not, for the

"He has got a white swelling in his knee,"

"A white swelling in his knee! Poor little

fellow; that's dangerous."
"Kills youngsters nineteen times out of

twenty," returned the stout lady, with profes-

"How thin and white he is " uttered Judith,

and his forehead's drawn. Whenever you

see that lined forehead in a child, you may b

"His mother said he had never been strong

Take a wee drop short, Judy " continued Mr.

Pepperfly insinuatingly, as she produced

small bottle from some unseen receptacle be-

neath her capacious petticoats.
"Not I," answered Judith, "I'd rather pour

it down the garden than down my throat. And

I must be off, or I don't know what time I

shall get back, and my lady will say I have

been gomiping."

Judith proceeded on her way, reached the

returned she saw a stranger seated in the chair

Mrs. Pepperfly had occupied, but which was

now drawn close to the cottage in the shade.

have penetrated inside the cottage she would

She was a woman of fifty years, wore a black.

sure it comes from long-endured pain.

ried Mother Pepperfly.

sional equanimity.

"And you have gone and told me to-day!"

faith in me as I won't, says I.

quired Judith.

Judith.

But now, since their cojourn at Scaford, it me all changed; the bims had left her: the es of being beloved had gene out, to give place to despair and the hit-

Why did Belon Vaughan speeck him! Why de girls thus beet attractive men, ay, and men the should gain him ; perhaps she but tho to while away her idle hours. However it may have been, it brought to Lucy Cheaney fruits ed like bitter ashes. But she had to digest them, and never, never had they been harsher or more cruel than in that moment, as bung over the terrace in the moon

light. r hands were classed together in pain and her ferehead was pressed upon the cold from of the rails, as if its chill could soothe the throbbing fire within. A cloud of images was brain, all bearing the beautiful but dreaded form of Helen Vanghan, and- Some one touched her shoulder, and Lucy shivered and looked up.

It was Frederick Grey. What had he come out there for! He to see her in her ahandon-

"Lucy !" he whispered, and the tone of his voice spoke of love, if ever tone spoke it, "Luey, are you ill ?"

She would have been glad to fling herself m him, to meet his words with scorn, but she could not; for the heart will be true to elf, and the startled agitation unnerved her She shook like a leaf.

He gently wound his arms round her, he bent over her and poured forth his tale of loveto be suppressed no longer: he told her how ionately he had hoped to make her his; if he had been silent, it was because he feared the time to speak had not come. Lucy, in the revulsion of feeling, burst into tears and violded herself up to the moment's fasci Bation

Ob. Lney how could you suffer this cloud to come between us! How could you suspect of faithlesoness ! My darling let me speak plainly : we have loved each other, and we both knew it, though it may be, that you scarcely acknowledged the fact to yourself: we are alone here, without witnesses -- save One, who knows how ardently and loyally I will cherish you under Him-why, then, seek to conceal our dearest feelings? Lucy, I say, we have loved each other."

She did not answer, but she did not lift her face from its obeltering place on his

I was not conscious until to night, ten miautes ago, that my name had been made free with in connection with Helen Vanchan's and in your hearing. Lucy, I swear to you that I have not willingly given cause for it; I ewear to you that I have had no love for her, or mght of love. I certainly have been brought much into contact with her, for you have es tranged yourself from me, and the idle hours of this place have hung heavy on my hands; but I cast my thoughts back, and ask if it has been my fault, and I believe I can truly say that it has not Lucy, when I have been walking by her side, my heart has been wishing that it was you; in conversing with her, I have long ed that it was your voice which would answer Will you forgive me?"

Forgive him ! ave. Her heart answered it.

Believe me, Lucy, I love you as few men can love. I picture to myself the future, when you shall be mine; my che-rished wife, the guiding star of my home; tred in you wen will not reject me ! My day

Yours, always and forever, "she whispered. And Proderick Grey murmured a short prayer of thankfulness, as he present hise after himupon her sweet face, so pure in the pale moon-

#### CHAPTER XVII.

MES. PEPPERFLY AND THE NEW COMMES

The afternoon's oun was chining upon South Wesmock, shining especially hard and full ap-on a small cottage, standing by itself, half way down Bilater Lane, as it was called -a nar know?" row road turning off from the rise. Shining cover on again, without answering of me, more especially upon a stout lady with a black beard, who sat on a chair placed in the little path, midway between the door and the gate for nobody knowed, even, what was her Chrisopening from the lane. Her dress was light. that could be seen of it for snuff, and so broad was she, taking up the width of the path and Judith, we talked on till we reached South there, to guard the appcottage against assaulters.

Judith passed by, Lady Jane Chesney's maid. The lane was a short out to a small hamlet about a mile off, but a cut so exceedingly rough and neglected that none ventured to choose it some pensioners in the handel, whither she sionally went; but on that day, for some reason or other, the sent Judith. Judith's eyet fell upon the lady string herself in the

What it's you, Mother Popperfly Why I haven't seen you for an age. Well, you don't get thinner.

"I gets dreadful," said Mrs. Popperfly. They might take me about in a caryvan, and show me off to the publics as the fat woman South Wennock. Particularly if they could invent a way of exhibiting of the legi out undecemey : mine's a sight, Judith.

Mrs. Pepperfly gingerly lifted her petticoats little, and Judith saw that the ankles were indeed a sight. "I wonder you don't take

"Me take exercise !" uttered Mrs. Pepperfly. reacnifully, "what's the good of your talking out kills me to waidle from one place to another, when I changes. It's my perfession brought me to it, Judith, always a citting by a belaide, or a dandling a babby upon my knees; I haven't been able to get ex and in course, now, I m too fat to do it. But I must be thankful it's no worse, for I ins my appetite, and can eat a famous good meal every time it's set afore me."

"I should eat less," said Judith, "and leave off beer : beer's very fattening."

The tears rushed into Mrs. Popperfly's eyes at the Lion do. 'You won't say nothing to

at the ernel suggestion.
"Beer's the very prop and stay of my life," uttered she. "Nobody but a barbarian would tell a poor woman as has to sit up often o' nights, tending others, to leave off her beer. never shall leave off my beer, Judith, till it uttered Judith.

Judith thought that likely, and did not con-

test the point.
"I suppose you are nursing somebody up here," said she. "Who lives in the cuttage. The last time I came by, it wasn't let."

"I ain't a nursing nobody," returned Mrs. Pepperfly, "I'm up here on a visit. I left a lady four days ago, and I expects to be fetched another in a day or two, and I was invited here to spend the time atween."

"Who's the cottage let to?" continued Judith, dropping her voice.

"It's a widder. She ain't at home, she ook the opportunity of my being here to get in a store of things she wanted, so she's gone about it. We have got nobody to overhear us, that you should set on to whisper. I say, wasn't it a curous thing," added Mrs. Pepperfly, dropping her own voice to a whisper, in opposition to what she had just said to Judith, she's come here, it's my firm belief, just to find out the rights and the wrongs about the death of that poor young lady."

"What young lady!" "Why, that poor creature that the poisoned life of her, recollect to whom

iraught was gave to. She-Who is she! where does she come from !" aterrupted Judith, with aroused interest.

"I'll just tell ye about it," said Mrs. Pep perfiv. "but if you go to ask me who she is, and what she is, and where ahe comes from, that I can't tell for I don't know any more nor the babby that has not yet got its life's breath into it. My missis as I last nursed. didn't get well over quick, so it was settled ould go over to Great Wennock and stop a week or two with her relatives there, and she's gone, and I went to take her there; it were Mrs. Tupper the butcher's wife, and

the babby died at a week old, which I daresay on heered on. We went over last Tuesday morning, in the omnibus, and it's the first the new road, which it's beautiful and smooth they both is, and gives no jotts. I took my missis on to her mother's, carrying her parce of clothes for her, and I had a good dinner with em a lovely shoulder o' mutton and inion sauce, and was belowd three times to beer. After that, I goes back to the station, which it's not three minute's walk, and sits myself

in the omnibus, again it started to come home; t were waiting, you see, for the London train. and white cotton gown and a widow's cap, and Well, it came in, the train, and there got in a the child lay in her arms, asleep still. widder, and a little boy, and some luggage, Pepperfly had disappeared; could Judith's eyes and that was all. She begun a talking to asking if I knowed any lady living about here have seen her comfortably stretched out in an o' the name of Crane. 'No, mnm, says I, 'I never knowed but one lady o' that name, and arm chair, overcome either by the sun or the bottle, and fast as a church. that was but for two or three days, eight year and more ago, for she went out of the world 'How do you mean?' says she, promiscuous." anapping of me up short, as if she'd lost her breath. 'She was ill, mum,' says I, 'and before.

I was the very nurse as was nursing of

· Was she

grave in St. Mark's church yard ?"

burt ' cries the widder, all in a heat.

sava I. ' nothing o' that. The wrong med'cine

was given her, and it was me myself what

poured it out and put it to her dear lips, little

wish my fingers had been bit off first. The

doctor had sent in a sleeping draught, mum,

as he thought, and as she and me thought,

and it was that I give her, but it turned out to

swallowing of it ' And what was done to the

do tor " asked she. 'Not nothing,' says I.

There was a inquest sat upon her body, but

med'eine, which he had stood to it he hadn't

in Palace Street, didn't she " the widder goes

on. 'Yos, mum.' save I, 'but how do you

it, the police couldn't follow it up properly,

took it of him, and paid three pound ten

down, for the first quarter's rent, for she said

she shouldn't bother him with no references.

Thursday, and she in it, and she invited me to

thought it uncommon genteel and perlite of

her, and so here you see me, a enjoying of

And in the sun also," said Judith. "You'll

Tain't often I gets the chance of sitting in

But why do you think the widow came to

"Look here," cried Mother Pepperfly, "I

folks, and I argue why should she invite me

it) unless she wanted to get something out o'

me. Not a blessed minute, Judy, have I been

it's the inquest, till I declare I'm a'most moi-

thered. She wants to know where she can get

about it, now it's the draught, and now it's

in the cottage, and I got here at two o'clock

as far through a millstone as most

it out o' doors, so I thought I'd take advan-

tage of it when I could, and I don't care

myself in the country air."

get your face browner than it is."

whether I'm brown or white."

find out about the young lady "

sen name, and nobody has never come to

on re after her from that day to thus."

'Then who did' says she

"She was a young lady, and lodged

Judith scanned the hard features of the tranger, and an impulse prompted her to enter the gate and speak. "Good afternoon, I think I have seen you

The stranger scanned her in turn, but did not

and she was a getting on, all sweetly, when a recognize her.
"May be," she quietly replied; "I don't nasty accident fell in, which haven't been brought to light yet, and it put her into her nembered you.

"I was the young woman who was so much with that poor lady, Mrs. Crane, during the few days she lay ill.

Intelligence, glad intelligence, flashed into "I'm glad to see you," she said, "I wonder thinking I was giving her her death, and I

"You are Mrs. Smith, who came down and

took away the baby." "Yes, I am. But now I'd rather it wasn't be pison, and her poor soul went out, after spoke of, if you'd oblige me. 'Tian't that I've any particular reason, but if it got about, I should have the whole parish up here, wanting to know what I can't tell 'em. the jury and the crowner thought he had not her name, the fat nurse, save nothing has been made the mistake nor put the pison in the heard as to who the young lady was, and people would be asking me. I couldn't answer them I don't know anything to tell, so I'd

It's more nor I can tell, says I, 'I knew I rather not be bothered. "Where's the baby !" inquired Judith.

> "Is it, indeed! Well, 'twas but a little I thought perhaps this was it." "This is mine," said Mrs. Smith. "And a

reat sufferer he is, poor thing. He has always 'He seems to sleep well," observed Ju-

th. "That's because he gets no sleep at night; every afternoon he's dead asleep, so I put him a great deal more, that she looked like a tower. Wennock, the widder and me, and she asked down a mattress in the kitchen, or wherever I me if I knew a cottage to be let, and I told her may happen to be, but he d of this-which it belongs, you know, to Tup- away from ms. Why, if that child had lived, per, the butcher, and them is his fields at the he would have been getting on for nine years sack, for his beastesses, and she went and old. This, you may see, isn't seven."

"I can't think who he's like," remarked Judith, again looking attentively at the child; he's the very model of somebody, some face that's familiar to me, but I can't call to mind And then she asked me where she could hire a bit of furniture, and I took her to Knagg, the who.

"I know nobody he's like when he's as broker's, and she get what she wanted. 'Twas all done and ready by mid-day yesterday, said Mrs. Smith, also regarding the boy "Asleep and awake, it is not the same face come and stop with her till I goes to my new not a bit : I have often noticed that ; it must b place, which happens to be Knagg's wife, and the eyes and the expression that make the

> "Has he light eyes?" inquired Judith. No ; dark. But now do just tell me what you can about that horrible death. Was it mistake, or was it willful ?"

"That's what people are unable to decide," aid Judith "That old nurse is not very explicit : she speaks of one doctor and speaks of another,

mixing the two up together. I want to know who really was attending her." "Mr. Stephen Grey had been attending her lyon had seen her once or twice; the night of

here, a stranger, (though it were perlite to do her death, and the night before it." "Not at all. Mr. Carlyon was to have at- great majority of the people have been often anded her, but when she was taken ill he was and very flagrantly wrong! At the time of the yesterday, but she has been a questioning of out of South Wennock, so the other came for

the doctors, and now it's the nurses, and now the next day."

"Were they both married men !" "Mr. Grey was ; had been a long while; and a old newspaper with the history of it in, but Mr. Carlyon married directly after. But I can't I can't tell who keeps 'em, unless Mrs. Pitch stay to talk now."

used; you'll do it clearer than that woman. Step in, and take a cup of tea with ne."

"You might as well ask me to stay for good," returned Judith. "My lady will wonder, as it is, what is keeping me. I'll get as hour's leave, and come up another time."

"Just one word before you go, then: I hea of Mesers. Grey and Lycett, and I hear of Mr. Carlyon: which would be the most skillful to eall in, in case my child gets worse? I'm a stranger here, and den't know their charac

"I believe they are all clever; all skillful men. I like Mr. Grey best; I'm most used to

"It doesn't much matter then, as far as skill "As far as skill goes-no," replied Judith.

and she said good afternoon, and left. She went home, pondering on the likenes "Has she a child with her?" exclaimed she had traced in the boy's face; she could not recollect who it was he resembled. Her suspicions had been aroused that it might be nibus! Her last, she says; he's a boy of about the same child; but, even allowing that Mrs Smith had deceived her in saying it was not, and Judith did not see why she should, the dith followed her, in surprise. Upon a rude sort of bed on the floor lay a boy asleep, a fair, pertainly not the deceased lady's face that the shild's struck her as being like.

But all in a moment, as Judith was going in at her own gate, the thought flashed upon her whose face it was that the boy's res The fact seemed to stagger her: she drew her elf aside amidst the trees as she revolved it and apparently her reflections were not of ar agreeable nature, for when she at length went in-doors, it was with a perplexed look and a knitted brow. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SATURDAY BVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

#### PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

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## "THE QUAKER PARTISANS,"

We design commencing in our next number, Revolutionary story with the above title, by the Author of "THE Scour." We shall be mistaken if our readers do not propounce it they ever read in any paper. It affords such a fine scope for illustration, that we design illustrating it by one of the best artists in the country. Look out for something to stir the blood of young and old.

#### THE MAJORITY PRINCIPLE.

There is great danger in a country like this. where all political questions are settled by the will of the majority, of coming to consider such settlements as inevitably just and proper Three as in absolute monarchies the sentiment is apt to prevail that the king can do no wrong, se in Democracies, it is apt to be asserted as great truth, that the people-meaning the majority-also can de no wrong. As the courtier bends before the monarch, as if he were a god

"That thrift may follow fawning "

so the demagague bends before the ruling power-the majority-in a popular govern ent, and quotes the daugerous maxim, Populi var Dri. The motive-personal advancement-is the same with him who says that the king is always right, as with him who declaims that "the voice of the people is the roice of God." The Demagogue, in other words, is the Courtier of the People. And as the unserupulous and flattering Courtier is the most dangerous enemy a king can have; s the Demagogue, with the constant praises of the wisdom and virtue of the People upon his -he is Sir Stephen Grey now; and Mr. Car- lips, is the most dangerous enemy of popular

For what are the facts of the case! Doe "Was she ill enough to have two doctors?" not the whole course of history prove that the flood, for instance, all mankind, with the exhim. Mr. Carlyon was to have taken to her ception of one family, were not only wrong-but o wrong as to be adjudged worthy of death. At the time of the Crucifixion, the great majority of the Chief Priests and Rulers cried out. the death of Socrates, the best and wiscet man

immense majority. But why multiply instan when every reader knows that history is almost a simple record of the folly and injustice of the great masses of mankind !

But we need not go to the past for our illustrations. Take the present—and see what this "Vox Populi cox Der" principle would lead to. mankind, and obtain the sentiments of the majority upon the most important and most discussed questions. Let us take, for instance, the vote of the People upon the question of the Majority Principle, the great question of which is the best and purest of the Religious held among men! Let us give the probable rote, according to the best recent estimates The vote will be a large one say 1,300,000,

000-and divided about as follows :-The Asiatic and other Heathen

800,000,000 votes Religions The Christian Religion 335,000,000 The Mohammedan Religion 160,000,000

Against the Christian Religion we would find thus a majority of 625,000,000-or a vote almost of three to one. Will any Christian say in this connection, " Vox Populi vox Dei?"

Take a vote as to Republicanism, such as prevails in the United States, and the majority would be still greater-probably of the 1,300, 000,000 of human beings, 1,250,000,000 would vote Republicanism to be a delusion and a snare

But supposing we come still nearer homenow many Christians would admit the Majority Principle in determining upon the soundness of the various Christian Sects? Even restricting the vote to Christian nations-who would be willing to pin his faith to the majority The Roman Catholics might, with some degre of safety, for they are supposed to be a bare majority of the Christian world, say 170,000, 000 out of 335,000,000-but no portion of the 89,000,000 Protestants would be apt to do it. They would be outvoted past all peradventure

Such facts as these require to be held up continually before the people of this Republic, is relar to connteract the constant tendency to deify the majority, growing out of the political axiom we have adopted, that "the majority shall rule." It should be perpetually kept in mind, that because the majority are to have their way, it by no means follows that that way is right. It fact, it may be argued with much force, that the majority are always wrong and that there are always a minority existing in every nation, whose views of things in general are more wise and just than those held by the majority of their fellow citizens. For we may say that the whole onward progress of society, is the strengthening of wise minorities until they become majorities, which dominate in their turn, and give place also in their turn, to still wiser minorities .--Every great onward movement of society-in cience and art as well as in politics and religion, is generally at its beginning, in a solitary minority of one. That one man is wiser in ertain respects than all the rest of his fellow itizens put together. His voice, in that reis the voice of Truth and Wisdomwhile the voice of the great majority is simply the voice of Ignorance and Conceit. The fore, while submitting to the vergict and rule of the majority, let us always bear in mind that majorities prove nothing, determine nothing, either in science, in art, in politics, in morals, or in religion.

#### WHO WERE THEY?

In the Hon. Mr. Berkeley's Journal of his recent trip to the Prairies, in search of buffalo, Ac. -certain extracts from which Journal we design publishing as they appear-he alludes to the honors paid him in this city, in the following terms :-

Arrived at the hotel and station half-past nine at night, I conveyed my dogs to a safe corner on the platform at Philadelphia, and ordered George to hold them short but their chains, that Druid or Brutus might not ite some of the citizens, and render their gait, t all events, less free. I had not been arrived at all events, less free. one before it became known who I was, and I was at once accessed by a railway official, I be lieve, who actounded my peacefully conceived ideas of his nation by then and there, in due form, introducing me to seven generals, five colonids, and three majors, all accedentally got together, not one of whom looked as if he had heard the report of an enemy's cannon, seen the glitter of a drawn sword, or had even the knowledge of how to wear one without its getting between his legs and throwing him down. As to drill, it seemed to me as if they had never in all their lives, or previous to having attained their high military rank, been told to hold their heads up or march across parade. They were all very kind and civil, however, and after having welcomed my arrival with the utmost good nature, under great apparent ng before it became known who I was and I he utmost good nature, great apparent curiosity, they proceeded to cluster round, inspect my dogs, and ask questions of George

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," I heard m say, "one or two of my dogs don't like

iim say, "one or two of my dogs don't like trangers; have the goodness, gentlemen, not o come too near, nor touch them." Olt," exclaimed one of the bystaniers, no loubt high in military rank, and with a good leal of self-important assumption, and dressed in a very smart waisteent spangled with stars, 'no dog ever lites me; I can be friends with hem and make them know me at once." So saying, he stepped out, and reaching his hand towards Brutus's black head he was about to pat him, when, knocking his arm on one side the retriever flew up and seized him fast by the smart waistcoat, the greater portion of the tellations on which no longer remained fixed but commenced to be revolving stars, at lengt but commenced to be action to wards the earth. seemed that all this experimentally-inclingentleman's friends rejoiced in the scene, a gentleman's friends rejoiced in the midst of a roar of good-hu on of only the back ter he vanished, in possession of of a waistcoat, amidst the crowd.

We are enrious to know the names of the seven generals, five colonels, and three maors" alluded to by Mr. Berkeley in such flattering terms. Our columns shall be freely opened to any of the number who wishes to put the list on record. The name of the by stander, "no doubt high in military rank," who has such a magnetic power over dogs that we do not want him to see. they "never bite him." would be also well worth preserving.

rity of the Chief Pricets and Rulers cried out, Altoona, Pa., a "slave"—and therefore "a catch a fish of a larger size, and of a b tter "Crucify him! "Who ordered good servant as compared to any American" kind, than you would have baited for, by the eemingly unaware that many of the blacks head, or by the side, or somehow or other.

"Ob, do stay, I want you to tell me all that of Athens? The sovereign People—and by an are free, even in the Stave States, and that there are no siaves (though many blacks) is

> AN INTERESTING RELIC. -- A correspondent writes, that he recently saw an old English Bible, printed in 1566, the property of J. R. Redman, Esq., of Haddonfield N. J. Let us call together the great multitudes of ble is among the oldest in the country, and formerly belonged to Miss Haddon, a young English lady of wealth and family, who settled that place in 1700. It was by her presented to religion. How will they vote, in settling upon and has through him descended to the presen owner. It is strongly bound in English oak, and embellished with numerous wood cuts, among others, Queen Elizabeth, in state. The reading is in many places quite curious, for instance, the 22nd verse of the 8th chapter of Jeremiah, is rendered, "Is there no treacle in Gilead," &c. The book is printed in old English Black letter, without division in verses is in a good state of preservation, and to all appearances will survive centuries to come

> > Norms on Nursing .- We recently alluded to a work on Nursing, published in England by the celebrated Florence Nightingale. We and upon examination that these notes are of so useful and admirable a character, that their general circulation can hardly fail to do great good. We therefore design reprinting them in THE POST, for the benefit of our numerous

> > A CONDUCTOR on one of the city railroad cars, says a Cincunnati exchange paper, has been fined \$25 for compelling a man to yield his seat to a lady. The court held that no lady could

No "lady" ever would claim an occupied seat "as a right."

TRACHER WANTED .- A subscriber in Arkanwishes to engage a lady to teach his two daughters. She must be competent to teach music, in addition to the usual branches. Apply, by letter, to the publishers of this paper.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. February. Leo-nard Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

SINGULAR STORY.—The following recent "ex-erience" of Prof. Agassiz is related in The

SixtLan Story.—The following recent "experience" of Prof. Agassiz is related in The Spirtual Magazine:

"Agassiz had been deeply cogitating on a fossil which had been recently discovered, having new and remarkable peculiarities. It was apparently the connecting link between vertebrate and the lower animals, as the mudfi-from Africa, exhibited in the Crystal Palace, is the connecting link between ishes and reptiles; but what was mortifying and puzzling to him was, that the very part of the fossil which should have showed the most interesting part should have showed the most interesting part was covered with the strong deposit in which it had been embedded. While pondering the

was covered with the strong deposit in which it had been embedded. While pondering the subject in bed, he fell asleep, and in a dream, he was delighted to have the whole hidden part, and and its mechanism and differences, clearly displayed before his eyes, and, besides, to see intuitively the exact place which it filled in comparative anatomy. He awake in the morning with the subject firsh in his mind; but alast no sooner did he try to recall it, than the whole of what he had seen vanished from his memory, and all he could remember was that he had seen it in its most satisfactory extent. The next night, again thinking deeply of it, he fell asleep, and the whole scene was again presented before his mind. He determined to try to remember h, and to make an effort to awake; but he still slept on, and in the morning had again forgotten all that he had desired to remember. He determined, if he should ever dream of it again, that he had desired to remember. He determined, if he should ever dream of it again, that he would make the strongest effort to awaken, and have paper by his bedside on which to fix the information. Accordingly, on going to bed, he placest some paper and a penelt beside him, again thinking of his wonderful fossil, when, what was his delight, during his sleep, at finding the whole, for a third time, clearly pictured before him. Now, then, to awake and transfer it to the paper! But no; he still sleept on, and in the morning was distressed. slept on, and in the morning was distressed beyond measure to find that the whole had entirely vanished from his memory. In this disconsulate state he commenced to dress, but disconsolate state he commerced to dress, but had not proceeded far when his eyes fell on the paper and pencil by his technic, and, going to them, he was astomshed to find upon the paper an accurate grawing of the paper an accurate crawing of the complete los-sil, with all its parts. It was, in fact, the pic-ture of his vision, and gave him again all he had seen in his sleep. He tells this himself, and says that he cannot account for the picture being there—whether he got up and did it himself, or whether it was done by other means with which our readers who are ac-committed with direct anxiet writing are familier. nainted with direct spirit writing are familiar. quainted with direct spirit writing are familiar. Having secured the drawing, the professor compared it with the fossil, and, as his enricsity was now largely excited, he ventured on was concessed under the stony deposit. Ap-plying a fine chief to the put, he was fortu-nate enough to remove the covering, and there was displayed before his eyes the exact coun-terpart of his picture, and his three dreams. If he were not a professor, we think he might, after such a fact, believe in spiritual laws and energies, and in himself." endeavoring to uncover that part of it which

A young gentleman of our acquaintance says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "No-ing by half.

More than four thousand years ago, Plato said "We must not separate the physical from the intellectual and moral training. but let them draw together like horses har nessed to a coach;" and Montaigne, "It is not enough that our education does not spoil us, it should alter us for the better."

There is one thing which the most unobservant person manages to see-that which

20 To try to begin to think without any particular surject, is something like fishing -We may add here, that Mr. Berkeley without a bait; yet still, if the in is dragged travelled through the country so fast, that he pretty quickly twough the water-or, in other naturally has fallen into a few slight errors .- woods, if the mind is kept actively, though in-For instance, he terms his black servant at definitely, on the range-you may, perhaps,

# NOTES ON NERSING:

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WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

BY PLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The following notes are by no means intendel as a rule of thought by which nurses can teach themselves to nurse, still less as a manual to teach nurses to nurse. They are meant simply to give hints for thought to women who have personal charge of the health of others. Every woman, or at least almost every woman, in England, has, at one time or another of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid, -in other words, every woman is a nurse. Every day sanitary know-ledge, or the knowledge of nursing, or in other words, of how to put the constitution in such a state that it will have no disease, or that it can recover from disease, takes a righer place. It is recognized as the knowledge which every one ought to have—distinct from medical knowledge, which only a profession can have.

If then, every woman must at some time or other of her life, become a nurse, i. e., have charge of somebody's health, how immense and how valuable would be the produce of her united experience if every woman would think how to nurse.

I do not pretend to teach her how, I ask her to teach herself, and for this purpose I venture to give her some hints.

Shall we begin by taking it as a general principle—that all disease, at some period or other of its course, is more or less a reparative process, not necessarily accompanied with suffering : an effort of nature to remedy a process of poisoning or of decay, which has taken place weeks, months, sometimes years before-hand, unnoticed, termination of the disease being then, while the antecedent process was going on, determined?

If we accept this as a general principle, we shall be immediately met with anecdotes and instances to prove the contrary. Just so if we were to take, as a principle—all the climates of the earth are meant to be made habitable for man, by the efforts of man—the objection would be immediately raised,—Will the top of Mount Blane ever be made habitable? answer would be, it will be many thousands of years before we have reached the bottom of Mount Blanc in making the earth healthy. Wait till we have reached the bottom before

In watching diseases, both in private houses and in public hospitals, the thing which strikes the experienced observer most forcibly is this, that the symptoms or the sufferings generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease are very often not symp-toms of the disease at all, but of something quite different—of the want of fresh air, or of light, or of warmth, or of quiet, or of cleanli-ness, or of punctuality and care in the administration of diet, of each or of all of these And this quite as much in private as in hospi

The reparative process which Nature has instituted and which we call disease, has been hindered by some want of knowledge or attention, in one or in all of these things, and pain, suffering, or interruption of the whole process

If a patient is cold, if a patient is feverish, if a patient is faint, if he is sick after taking food, if he has a bed-sore, it is generally the fault not of the disease, but of the nursing.

I use the word nursing for want of a better. it has been limited to signify little more than the administration of medicines and the application of poultices. It ought to signify the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and the proper selection and ad-ministration of diet—all at the least expense of vital power to the patient.

It has been said and written scores of times that every woman makes a good nurse. Theieve, on the contrary, that the very elements of nursing are all but unknown.

By this I do not mean that the nurse is always to blame. Bad sanitary, bad architectural. and bad administrative arrangements often make it impossible to nurse. But the art of nursing ought to include such arrangements as alone make what I understand by nursing,

of the above-mentioned essentials to the sucess of Nature's reparative processes, we shall then know what are the symptoms of and the sufferings inseparable from the disease.

Another and the commonest exclamation which will be instantly made is-Would you do nothing, then, in cholera, fever, &c. '-so eep-rooted and universal is the conviction that to give medicine is to be doing something, er rather everything; to give air, warmth, cleanliness, Ac., is to do nothing. The reply is, that in these and many other similar diseases the exact value of particular remedies and modes of treatment is by no means ascertained, while there is universal experience as to the extreme importance of careful nursing

in determining the issue of the disease. The very elements of what constitutes good nursing are as little understood for the well as for the sick. The same laws of health or of nursing, for they are in reality the same, obtain among the well as among the sick. The breaking of them produces only a less violent onsequence among the former than among the atter, -and this sometimes, not always.

It is constantly objected .- "But how can I obtain this medical knowledge? I am not a doc-

tor. I must leave this to doctors." Oh, mothers of families! You who say to be shut?

this, do you know that one in every seven infants in this civilized land of England perishes before it is one year old? That, in London, two in every five die before they are five years panied by doctors? Or is it better to learn the piano-forte than to learn the laws which sub-

serve the preservation of offspring?

Macaulay somewhere says, that it is extraordinary that, whereas the laws of the motions of the heavenly bodies, far removed as they are from us, are perectly well understood, the laws of the human mind, which are under our observation all day and every day, are no better understood than they were two thousand

But how much more extraordinary is it that. whereas what we might call the coxcombries of education—s. g., the elements of astronomy—are now taught to every school girl, neither mothers of families of any class, nor schoolmistresses of any class, nor nurses of children, nor nurses of hospitals, are taught anything about those laws which God has assigned to the relations of our bodies with the world in which He has put them. In other words, the laws which make these bodies, into which He has put our minds, healthy or unhealthy or gans of those minds, are all but unlearnt. Not but that these laws—the laws of life—are in a certain measure understood, but not even mothers think it worth their while to study them-to study how to give their children healthy existences. They call it medical or physiological knowledge, fit only for doctors.

Another objection. We are constantly told,—"But the circumstances which govern our children's healths are beyond our control. What can we do with winds? There is the east wind. Most people can tell before they get up in the morning whether the wind is in the east."

To this one can answer with more certainty than to the former objections. Who is it who knows when the wind is in the east? Not the Highland drover, certainly, exposed to the east wind, but the young lady who is worn out with the want of exposure to fresh airs, to sun-light, &c. Put the latter under as good sanitary circumstances as the former, and she, too, will not know when the wind is in the east.

1. VENTILATION AND WARMING.

The very first canon of nursing, the first and the last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to a patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which I had almost said you may leave all the rest alone, is this :- To KEEP THE AIR HE BREATHES AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR, WITHOUT CHILLING HIM. Yet what is so little attended to ? Even where it is thought of at all, the most extraordinary misconceptions reign about it. Even in admitting air into the patient's room or ward, few people ever think, where that air comes from. It may come from a corridor into which other wards are ventilated, from a hall, always unsired, always full of the fumes of gas, dinner, of various kinds of mustiness; from an underground kitchen, sink, wash-house, water-closet, or even, as I myself have had sorrowful experience, from open sewers loaded with fifth; and with this the patient's room or ward is aired, as it is called poisoned, it should rather be said. Always air from the air without, and that, too, through those windows, through which the air comes freshest. From a closed court, especially if the wind do not blow that way, air may come as stagnant as any from a hall or corridor.

Again, a thing I have often seen both in private houses and institutions. A room remains uninhabited; the fireplace is carefully fastened up with a board: the windows are never opened; probably the shutters are kept atways shut; perhaps some kind of stores are kept in the room; no breath of fresh air can by possibility enter into that room, nor any ray of sun. The air is as stagnant, musty, and corrupt as it can by possibility be made. It is quite ripe to breed small-pox, scarlet-fever, dightheria, or anything else you please.

Yet the nursery, ward, or sick room adjoining will positively be aired (?) by having the

# Upon this fact the most wonderful deductions have been strung. For a long time an announce-ment something like the following, has been going known, and among them is certainly not the ex. it is true tablishment of a Child's Hospital. This may be a want; just as there may be a want of hospital room for adults. But the Registrar-General would cer- in every sleeping and sick room. Just as without tainly never think of giving us as a cause for the high rate of child mortality in (say), Liverpool that there was not sufficient hospital room for children, nor would be urge upon us, as a remedy, to found ward, nursery or sleeping room. If the main func-

pecially of child mortality.

that they may safely be left with doors, windows, shutters, and chimney-board, all closed—bermstically scaled if possible—to keep out the dust, it is said; and that no harm will happen if the room is but opened a short hour before the immates are put in. I have often been asked the question for any greater security could be afforded against a recurrence of the misdemeanor.

And oh, the crowded national school' where so but opened a short hour before the immates are put in. I have often been asked the question for any greater security could be afforded against a recurrence of the misdemeanor.

And oh, the crowded national school' where so many children's epidemics have their origin, what is, I have often been asked the question for any greater security could be afforded against a recurrence of the misdemeanor.

We should hear no longer of 'Mysterious Dispensations,' and of 'Piague and Pestience, become them with one half so good a grace ascribed to contagion, but to its right cause the with one half so good a grace ascribed to contagion, but to the right cause the why all the souls that were, were forfest on many children's epidemics have their origin, what is a returned against a recurrence of the misdemeanor.

We should hear no longer of 'Mysterious Dispensations,' and of 'Piague and Pestience, become them with one half so good a grace ascribed to contagion, but to its right cause the why all the souls that were, were forfest on many children's epidemics have their origin, what is required.

paration, to sleep.

that the victim says, "R's all right," and that we are not mad. Yet, although we "nose" the murderers, in the musty, unaired, unsun-ned room, the scarlet fever which is behind the door, or the fever and hospital gangrene which are stalking among the crowded beds of a hospital ward, we say, " It's all right." With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fire-places, fresh

air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid open windows then. People don't catch cold in bed. This is a popular fallacy. With proper bedelothes and het bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him at the same time. But a careless nurse, be her rank and education what it may, will stop up every cranny and keep a hot house heat when her patient is in bed—and, if he is able to get up, leave him comparatively unprotected. The time when people take cold (and there are many ways of taking cold, besides a cold in the nose,) is when they first get up after the two-fold exhaustion of dressing and of having had the skin relaxed by many hours, perhaps days, in bed, and thereby rendered more incapable of reaction. Then the same temperature which refreshes the patient in bed may destroy the patient just risen. And common sense will point out that, while purity of air is case temperature must be secured which shall not chill the patient. Otherwise the best that can

be expected will be a feverish reaction.

To have the air within as pure as the air without, it is not necessary, as often appears to be thought, to make it as cold.

In the afternoon again, without care, the patient whose vital powers have then risen, often finds the room as close and oppressive as he found it cold in the moraing. Yet the nurse will be terrified, if a window is

I know an intelligent humane house surgeon who makes a practice of keeping the ward windows open. The physicians and surgeons invariably close them while going their rounds; and the house surgeon very properly as invariably opens them whenever the doctors have turned their backs.

In a little book on nursing, published a short time ago, we are told that, "with proper care, it is very seldom that the windows cannot be opened for a few minutes twice in the day to admit fresh air from without." I should think not: nor twice in the hour either. It only shows how little the subject has been con-

Of all methods of keeping patients warm the known a medical officer keep his ward windows hermetically closed. Thus exposing the sick to all the dangers of an infected atmosphere, because he was afraid that, by admitting fresh

To attempt to keep a ward warm at the exis a certain way to delay recovery or to destroy

Do you ever go into the bedrooms of any persons of any class, whether they contain one, two, or twenty people, whether they hold sick or well, at night, or before the windows are opened in the morning, and ever find the air anything but unwholesomely close and foul? And why should it be so? And of how much importance it is that it should not be so! During sleep, the human body, even when in health, is far more injured by the influence of foul air than when awake. Why an't you keep the air all night, then, as pure as the air without in the rooms you sleep in? But for this, you must have sufficient outlet for the impure air you make yourselves to go out ; sufficient inlet for the pure air from without to come in. You must, have open chimnevs, open windows, or ventilators; no close curtains round your beds; no shutters or curtains to your windows, none of the contri- hospital the better.

1 Dr. Angus Smith's air test, if it could be made bor would he urge upon us, as a remedy, to found an hospital for them.

Again, women, and the best women, are wofully deficient in sanitary knowledge, although it is to women that we must look, first and last, for its application, as far as knowledd hygiene is concerned. But who would ever think of citing the institution of a Women's Hospital as the way to cure this want?

We have it, indeed, upon very high authority that there is some fear lest hospitals, as they have let there is some fear lest hospitals, as they have let their is some fear lest hospitals, as they have let their concerned. But it is often observed that the nares who make the greatest outery against open windows, are those the great outery against open windows, are those the great outery against open windows, are those the great outery against open windows, are those the been hitherto, may not have generally increased. an atmosphere they have let their children, patients and window. Neither, of course, should a patient been attactus, may not have generally increased, an atmosphere they have let their children, patients rather than diminished, the rate of mortality—esor charges, sleep in. But if the tell-talle nir test while being washed or in any way exposed, remain in No caremony that to great ones belongs pecially of child mortality.

Nor the king scrown, nor the deputed word.

Nor the king scrown, nor the deputed word. † The common idea as to uninhabited rooms is, patients, and to the superior officer going roundthat they may safely be left with doors, windows, what the atmosphere has been during the night, I

inhabited rooms. But when ought the windows to be opened. The answer is—When ought they my child to that school, the air test stands at to be shut?

Hurrid. And the dormitories of our great pestilences, and call upon us to remedy it.

But judge you as you are On think on the would both betray the cause of these "mysterious And mercy then will breathe within your lips.

Sindapore

A careful mare will keep a constant wath earlier and the content of the part of the content of t A short time ago a man walked into a back. the loss of vital heat by the patient himself, - in the room which can give off effluvia, besides two in every five die before they are five years old? And, in the other great cities of England, nearly one out of two?" "The life duration of two?" "The life duration of tender babies" (as some Saturn, turned analytical chemist, says) "is the most delicate simply said, "lt's all right." Of course he was mature suffering and death necessary? Or did Nature intend mothers to be always accom-

very worst certainly is to depend for heat on the diseases we suffer from is occasioned by rious good new-fashioned arrangements. the breath and bodies of the sick. I have people sleeping with their windows shut? An A slop pail should never be brought into a not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be air, the temperature of the ward would be too much lowered. This is a destructive fall-understand in towns shutting the windows during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the pense of making the sick repeatedly breather their own hot, humid, putrescing atmosphere for airing the patients. One of our highest medical authorities on Consumption and Climate has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night.

Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open; doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. I have seen a careful nurse airing her patient's room through the door, near to which were two gaslights, (each of which consumes as much air as eleven men,) a kitchen, a corridor, the composition of the atmosphere in which consisted of must be removed. A celebrated medical legas, paint, foul air, never changed, full of efficiency turns began one day, "Funigations, gentlevia, including a current of sewer air from an ill-placed sink, ascending in a continual stream by a well staircase, and discharging themselves constantly into the patient's room. The win-dow of the said room, if opened, was all that was desirable to air it. Every room must be aired from without every passage from without. But the fewer passages there are in a

boarding schools' Scarlet fever would be no more Become them with one half so good a grace

door epened into that room. Or children will be put into that room, without previous preover her sick, especially weak, protracted, and broatbed by her patient as pure as the air with-

directly to the water-closet, emptied there, ringed there, and brought back. There should always be water and a cock in every water closet for rinsing. But even if there is not, you must carry water there to rinse with. I have actually seen, in the private sick room, the utensils emptied into the foot-pan, and put back unringed under the bed. I can hardly my which is most abominable, whether to do this or to rince the utensil is the sick room. In the best hospitals it is now a rule that no slop pail shall ever be brought into the wards, but that the utensils shall be carried direct to be emptied and rinsed at the proper place. I would it were so in the private hous

Let no one ever depend upon fumigations, "disinfectants," and the like, for purifying the air. The offensive thing, not its smell, men, are of essential importance. They make such an abominable smell that they compel you to open the window." I wish all the dis-infecting fluids intented made such an "abo-minable smell" that, they forced you to admit fresh air. That would be a useful invention.

\* But never, never should the possession of this indispensable lid confirm you in the abominuble utensil be thoroughly rinsed

The marshal's trumbern, nor the judge's robe, r test standing at "Foul.

We should bear no longer of "Mysterious Dis
We should bear no longer of "Mysterious Dis-

oh, think on that

NEWS ITEMS.

offins.

Tux following table exhibits the average in-

crease in the circumference of chest, upper-arm, and fore arm, among the students of Harvard College, during the first three months of exercise in the gynasium lately excablished in connection with that venerable sext of learn-

	4.	heat	Upper-Arm	Fore Arm	
Freshmen	24	inches	I-II inches	55 inches	
Sophomore	1-5		1-1	65 "	
Juniore	1.3	6	1-17 **	37	
Fenior-	8.5	10 11	1.21	67	
Penting-				41	

To satisfy curiosity, we give here, also the average of the absolute measurements made at the beginning of the term:—

	Chest		Upper-Arm	Fore Arm	
Freshmen	33.6	inches.	10.71 inches	9.06 inches	
Sophomores	34-13	111	10.52	9-57	
Juniore	34.61		11-07	9.61	
Heniors	34.86		11 02 "	19 59.7	

Garmanic and me Binon.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star writes:
"Letters from Italy speak in the meet mysterious terms of the apparently unmentionable, unrecountable termination to Garibalot's marriage. It was not his young bride by whom he was accompanied on his passage through Turin to Genea. Neither was it to Nice that he was bastening. It was his daughter Teresita with whom he burried from Fino to Turin; it was to his own island of Santa Margherita that he was directing his steps. Curiously enough, no one, not even I, durat to be first to tell the tale that is given abroad of the circumstances which have led to this extraordinary determination—the solitary possible.

The art of nursing, as now practised, seems to be expressly constituted to unmake what to be expressly constituted to unmake what to be expressly constituted to unmake what to be first objection. If we are process.

To recur to the first objection. If we are asked, is such or such a disease a reparative asked, is such or such asked nied with suffering? Will any care prevent such a patient from suffering this or that?—I both the above facts are too sadly true. But what have facts are too sadly true and one wath a deduction? The sudden departure of Garibaldi alone with the above facts are too sadly true. While a patient's tool every evening. As will made to smoke by a circless nurse, which in patients are the fire get low and then overwhelms it that pain and suffering the facts are the summary of the sevent with and the order wath of that he have made to smoke by a circless nurse, which is the deduction? The same have any perception of what is a healthy with coal; in the sevent wath of the two with one wath and suffering the facts are the summary of the sevent wath and suffering the coal; in the sevent wath of cleanly and su she is about.

In laying down the principle that the first

With private sick, I think, but certainly with hospital sick, the curse should never be extisfied as to the freshness of their atmosphere, unless the cun feel the sir gently moving over her face, when still.

But it is often observed that the curses who make the greatest outery against open windows, are those therefore the curse who make they thought it observice not 61 for their particularly in the cause they thought it observice not 61 for their particularly in the cause they thought it observed that for their particularly in the work of the control of the control of the control of the cause they thought it observed that for their particularly in the control of the control

Mrs. Electric Burton, of England, has appeared as a contestant, on the ground that she is the wide wolf the decreased. It now appears that there is another widew in Pattadelphia. While Mr. Burton was in that city his wife in England went there and commenced legal proceedings against him, in the course of which a collaterial question was raised as to the which ye which was declared to be void. Subsequently the marriage with the (the English wife,) which was declared to be void. Subsequently the marriage with the Philadelphia lady was annulied. Thus, us it now stands, there are three apparent widows, while it would seem there are note in reality.—N. 1. Post.

24" Heaven ever renders her dews to the Earth | but Earth seldom or never readers her

.... The days when we woul Gapeyone

Oh! the days we wore no criscitor. When we along the circuls rould walk

In comfort with each be ope and springs, and such like things, On ladies' forms were men ;

Ere fathers raved and bushands storyes About the crinoline. Ers wicked wags, with erun jokes, Could cause as eare and wee In the days we wore no erincline

Our hearts were light, we felt no fright But now we're immed and knocked about With friends we then could sail in boats

On streamlets bright and fair But now our drames are so large There is no room to spare It was not always m. In the days they were no crincin I long time ago

Without a single speer But now by fashion we're compelled These horvid hoops to wear Then lovers came with joyous hearts To lead us up and down the town The things and rights to see

But new they laugh and run away It was not always so-A long time ago

If over common sense should reign O'er fashion's changing scene We then may dress as once we did And imitate a queen The men, also, they must adopt And if they will not lead the way

> Then we no more shall ween and can It was not always so, In the days we wore no crincline A long time ago.

## MARRIAGES IN LOW LIFE.

A visit paid very recently to a clergyman whose futy lies on the eastern border-land of Lordon, brought some of the peculiarities of marriages in English low life very forcibly

The church to which our English friend is attached, has a reputation for fortunate bridals, and is consequently in favor with the people, who crowd thither, that their vows be pledged in an anspicious place. requires some watchfulness on the part of the noundant to prevent the inhabitants of neighboring districts from stealing in and claiming his good offices illegally; for it is necessary one or other of the bridal couple must re side for a fortnight at least in the parish where they wed. The great event is heralded by "bane," or asking in church, for three following weeks; and it appeared to us that an hour scarcely passed at the parsonage without an application being made to that effect. The betrothed pair generally came on this bu siness together; but the woman was invariably speaker on the occasion , the man putting the two shillings fee into her hand, and then drawing shyly behind her, whilst she gave the names and needful particulars. Her own name is generally given glibly enough, though a asional indignation is manifested when saked if "she is a spinster." At the man's name there is a pause. Me does not know if. and has to apply to him for information cometimes because his ordinary name of "Jens or "Tom" to alone familiar to her too fre quently, however, because their acquaintance has been too brief for her to learn it ! could scarcely credit, indeed, the thoughtless recklessness and lasts with which these people rush into this solemn engagement of matri-mony. We were assured that one of the ladies of the parsonage once saw two strangers accost each other in the street; five minutes afterwards, they came to "put up the bans." On Mark #11 traced, in a great degree, to this over-haste to their several ways.

the sage counsel of their parish priest. They time astonish the elerical eye. A solemn proring very little time on shore, make the men, and differ probably but little from the en of Blake's age clinging to many of the old Puritan beliefs in their rude way-but a story we shall shortly relate will prove. But before we leave the subject of bane, must just repeat the following instance of simplicity and amusing ignorance

coident, the lady of the parsonage had to "take a pair of bane" -that is, to enter ok, the clergyman and the pro per official for them, the cierk, being both ab-

The man had come alone in this instance

"How de you spell it !"

"Just as your ladyship likes, mum | you'll

"Are you a bachelor? "No, mum.

"Oh, a widower, then?"

THE DAYS WE WORE TO CRINOLINE, bachelor or a widower! Have you over been

No. mam, never. Then you are a bachelor

" No, mum, for I wishes to get married, and' sheepishly-"I have walked with another

We need scarcely say that this applicant was not a sailor, whose notions of fidelity are less stringent than his chivalrous love for women One day, a merchant seaman, rich in pay, and reeling under the effects of his hospitality to his friends, was robbed in this street of his watch and purse. He detected the delinquent, woman, in the fact, and securing her, transferred her to the custody of a policeman, who took her to the station. As they proceeded thither, her tears and cries so disturbed her capter, that he would have induced the police man to set her at liberty at once; but the man, deaf to bribes and entreaties, refused, vouch eafing the saller, however, the information that if he did not appear against her before the magistrate the next morning, she would be set free. This was consenlatory : but Jack dreadfully distressed at having cannot pain t a weman, hovered round the police station all night, listening mournfully beneath the barred ndow to the cries of his prisoner within it. At last day dawned. The magistrate took his seat, and the prisoners of the night were brought before him. As no one appeared against our thievish damsel, she was set free, and found her victim awaiting her outside with a license of marriage in his hand! He had been very early to the clerk, and for'd him handsomely to go up to Doctors' Commons for a license, being himself unable to leave the horrible fascination of the girl's cries; and now he stood waiting to offer her, humbly, his hand and heart, "because she was a woman and he had been the cause of her punishment." as he naively explained to the clergyman, who, apprised of the circumstances, endeavor ed to dissuade him from his purpose, but, as usual, vainly. They were married, and next day poor Jack went to sea. Some two or three years had elapsed, when one morning the clerk was startled by the sudden appearance of this chivalrons worshipper of womankind. looked pale and sad, and came to proffer dou ble the sum given for his license to Barker, if he would only get him unmarried again

But the humors of this class of the people are as various as fantastic. We can give an anecdote from the same parish exactly the reverse of the above. One day, a soldier, recently returned from the Crimea, stood before the altar with his bride; but on her name being asked, it was found to differ from that which had been entered in the bans-book. The curate, of course, demurred as to the legality of marrying them, though the bridegroom was very preent in his entreaties, assuring him "it was all right, and that this was the very young woman he wished to have; but the fact was, that he had asked a friend of his to put in the bans, and the man had played him a trick, and given the name of another young woman, with whom he had formerly

walked,' instead of the present one The explanation was not judged satisfac tory and he was told that he must either put in the bans again, or go up to Doctors' Commons and procure a license. The fermer he could not do; he had to leave England for the Cape on the morrow; about the latter, he hesitatel. They had meantime been brought to the parsonage by the curate for his incumbent to decide on the difficulty, and the bride, in a separate apartment, waited his decision. After some time, it was made thus: "He wouldn't be married at all! He should be buy a license-all the way to Chelsea! and she must go too; and there would be the grog there, and the grog back again; and it would cost him more than a pound. He didn't care about marrying not he; he only wanted a wife to wash and starch his master's shirts" he was an officer's servantin the Crimea, and Ac had had to do them, he

had always done them wrong. in vain the clerk reminded him of the forsaken bride's feelings, hinting at London Bridge and a probable inquest. He was obdurate : and the clergyman, with feelings of real sympathy, good-naturedly went to break the Ross, you've burt this child somehow or tidings of her lover's recusancy to the girl. To his surprise, she started brinkly from her

seat, and replied "Well, I'm glad he's made up his mind; being asked her lover's name, the girl replied and I'm quite agreeable to it. The Balcarris ingenuously that she had not talked to him her, and marry Jack Slubbe. I likes a sailor nothin, is expected every day, and I'd rayther wait for hegin to cry heself, when nobedy wa'n't doing her. Doubtless, the conjugal better nor a sodger, after all." And the pair, nuther 'sept jis' me and him, and I was " meeting amicably in the hall, departed on

Easter is the marrying season, and very gro These couples can never be restrained by tesque and strange appearances about that are generally deaf to remonstrance or reason cossion of gavly dressed "folk" enter by the on the subject, and no other protection from west door of the church, each bearing a long their own wild will can be exercise than that stick with a thick end, which, so they lotter which the merciful interposition of the three up the ainle, is gravely put to the lips of the weeks' bane affords. Even this delay is fre-quently evaded. A great proportion of the in the island of Laputa. The clerk is, of population consists of merchant seamen, who, course, sent to discover the meaning of this strange ceremony unusual even in that dismost of it, and almost invariably marry by trict, and also to hid them lay aside their license. These men have not progressed with stares before they enter the chancel. But his the times, nor to the degree of men-of-war's speech is interrupted by the foremost person courteemsly putting the end of his stick to his mouth, and requesting him "to take a suck of sweets:" whereupon he discovers, to his amazement, that they are sugar sticks, with which the wedding-guests are interchanging

> The poor clerk himself is a very high-priest of Hymen, for how, indeed, without him, could the rubric be satisfied? He gives away brides by the dozen, being imaginary "father" to his thousands and tens of thousands; the pewopeners are witnesses; and all do their best to sep the register-book a record of common sense, which, undoubtedly, but for great watchfulness on their part and that of dergyman, it scarcely could be. In these days of the schoolmaster, the number of marks," instead of signatures, is surprising : and the density manifested about signatures themselves still more so. Prequently, the out the customary reward; for at that instant up forever the fountains of honor, and bring "tight;" bridegroom's "best friend"—when he has one the child, being laid perfectly still on the lap, attempts to put his name in the bride's hushed.

that it would be an imposition, as she was Sa- | then. As soon as it received the medicine, the nings no longer! and it was long before he could be brought to understand the sense of the proceeding.

Very gay toilets occasionally make these weddings remarkable. White kid gloves being meidered essential, but withal expensive pur chases for one day's wear only, are hired, and literally passed from hand to hand, as the clergyman learned from one of the wearers. lemonstrating with the man on such extravagance, when even his marriage expenses were being paid by the family, he replied, naively "We didn't buy 'em, air; we hired 'em, and you've seen 'em a many times before.' poor seamstress flaunts in the old white sating and dirty veil of the West End, or rather, of the sold off wardrobe of some minor theatre. There is something painful, as well as ludirous, in such an apparition.

How touching in their simple enjoyments are many of these people! Once, as my husband was signing the parish-register in this very church, the bridegroom-his honest face glowing with the exertion of achieving a signature-whispered, with confidential delight "We're a going to have sausages for dinner

to-day, air!" Sometimes a laboring man will leave his toil, and a washerwoman her soap-suds, for the brief period only of pronouncing their nuptial yows, their hands bearing the immediate traces of rude toil when pledged to each other at the altar. These are generally industrious folks, who have no time for idle amusement, and do not make a holiday even of their marriage morning. In these cases the wooing has prohably been longer, and the chances of do

tic happiness are generally greater. Certainly, if the world of the West End reonly and deserve the lash of a Thackersy on the subject of venal and calculating marriages, the Eastern denizens of the great city require some suidance and instruction on the reverse fault of improvident, rash, and hurried ones and the great social see-saw is altogether pretty

#### BABY TALK.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET.

Whence comes this gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to infants? Take, for example, the following, which will answer the twofold purpose of illus trating my idea, and of exhibiting one of the peculiarities of the ace

A few days ago, I called to spend an hour on with Mr. Slang, whose wife in the afterno is the mother of a child about eight months

While I was there the child in the nurse's arms in an adjoining room, began to cry.

"You Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that ohild." Hose walked in with it, and sang to it, but

it did not hush. "You Rose, if you do not quiet that child, I lav I make you.

"I is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' b rouldn't get husbed." (Child cries louder.) "Fetch him to me, you good-for nothing hussy. "What's the matter with him!" reaching out her arms to receive him.

of dun know, ma'am. "Mhei-nhum nho-nha'm !" (mocking

and grinning at Ro As Rose delivered the child, she gave visible igns of dodging just as the child left her arms and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose monitod as a matter of course, without ever changing countenance under it.

'Da den!" said Mrs. Slang, "come elong muddy (mother.) Did nassy Yosey (Rose) pague muddy tweety chillnus!" (children)essing the child to her besom, and rocking it backwards and forwards tenderly. "Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah, you old uggy Yosey!" (knocking at Rose playful Da den ; muddy did whippy bad Yo

." (Child continues crying.)
Why, what upon earth ails the child?-

other "No ma'am, cla' I didn't; I was just sitt's lown dar in the rockin' chair, 'long side o 't all to him, tis playin' wid him, an' he iis'

hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see where old bad Yosey knocky ady 'gin de bureau. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap and finding nothing .-

Muddy's baby was hungry. Dat was what ails muddy's darling, tweety one. Was cho hungry, an' nobody would givy little darlings any sings 't all for eaty !" (loosing her frock No, nobody would gim the thweety ones any sings fo' out 't all. (Offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks and screams worse than ever.)

'Hush! you little best! I believe its no thing in the world but crossness." (Child eries to the ne plus ultra.)

"Why, surely a pin must stick in the child. Yes, was a bad pin did ticky chilluns. Let muddy see where the uggy pin did ticky dear prettons creter !" (examining.) "Why, no isn't a pin. Why what can be the matter with the child? It must have the colic, surely Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantel-Yes, muddy's baby did hab e telic. Dat was what did ail muddy's prettons darly it. Child cries on.)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it.

r raised it up, and it began to cry.

" Bless my soul, what's the matter with the child! What have you done to him, you little hussy?" (rising, and walking towards

"Cla, missis, I ain't done noth'n 't all; was jis' sittin' down da by Miss Nancy's

"You lie, you slut, (hitting her a passing slap,) I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby, (singing the Coquette,) don't you cry your sweetheart will come by'm by; da de dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day. (Child cries on.)

Blees my soul and body, what can be the matter with my baby! (tears coming in her own eyes.) Something's the matter with it, I know it is," (laying the child on her lap and feeling its arms to see whether it flinched at touch of any particular part; but the child cried less while she was feeling it than

"Yes, dat was it; wanted litty arms yubbed. Muddy will yub its awest little arms." (Child begins again.)

What upon earth can make my baby ery so?" rising, and walking to the window (Stops at the window, and the child hushes.) "Yes, dat was it; did want to look out ' windyes. See the petty chickens. O-o-o-h look at the beauty rooster! Yonder's old See old Aunt Betty, pickin' up Aunty Betty! chips for bake bickery (biscuit) for good chilluns. Good Aunt Betty, for make bicky for

(Child begins again.) weet baby's supper." "Hoo o o ! see de windy!" (Knocking on he window. Child screams.)

"You Rose, what have you done to this You little hussy, you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

ssis, I 'cla' I never done noth'n 't all to

"If you say 'Miss Nancy's bureau' to me again, I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little lying slut. I'm just as sure you've hurt him as if I'd seen you. How

Here Rose was reduced to a non plus; for, upon the peril of having a bureau stuffed lown her throat, she dare not repeat the oft told tale, and she knew no other. She there-

"Julia," said Mr. Slang, "bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the use of his crying.

Mr. Slang took the child, and commenced a areful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended the search slowly and cantiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far Old World have never been so well governed in this way, before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the cause, of and if we could everywhere turn out our lazy the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more

#### PHALANTUS.

From Sparta where Phalantus roved Doom'd, by a god's decree. In stranger-lands, with those he loved, A wanderer to be-

A hopeless, wretched, wandering man. Until be should espy (So great Apollo's edict ran)

Depress'd by long and anxious thought and tedious, vague alarms,

The presence of his wife he sought. and slumbered in her arms With lov to think of this relief. She watch d him as he slept

Till recollection of his grief Came o'er her, and she wept Then, 'mid her smiles, her tears, and sighe, The Sportan early woke :

Look'd upward in the naure eyes And thus in rapture spoke " Here, here, my Ethra, will I rest

The sunny shower falls on the breast

North Ather signifies literally a clear sky The legend goes on to say that Phalantus recogni zing the omen set forth in this little poem, built the city of Tarentum on the spot where his wanderings

## LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

From a work just published by the Harpers "The Life and Times of Gen. Sam Dale," edited by Hon. Mr. Claiberne, of Miss., we take the following

There is not, in any country, a more refined and intellectual body of men than the government clerks of Washington-hospitable, obliging, honest, and laborious. But Congress, by a miserable and short sighted economy directed the wrong way, under the ad captundum

metropolis. Let no man, particularly no married man, seek a clerkship in Washington. It is a hard and thankless service, an obscure and toilsome berth: poor you are sure to die, and the moment you are installed into office you may Dante, "He who enters here leaves all hope behind." In very wretchedness, the poor clerk, disappointed in his hope of promotion, often becomes reckless. Unappreciated talent not realized, and the waters of bitterness over- and, of course, "pistols and coffee for two he scorn to do this, as most clerks do scorn "No, mum."

The ladies of Washington struck me, who shall never forget the evident joy and strange and so long been accustomed to the san-burn-had so long

s service, or to an early and unh No flowers bloom upon his path, and, should the woman he has loved plant one piously employs must deprive her little or-

And this is a clerkship at Washington, so ter, much better go into the wilderness, bivouac on some distant lake, nestle in some moun tain glen or on the flower-scented prairie, and hew out a living from wood and earth, than mak a bauble that glitters only to disappoint.

Hetter salaries -net rotation, but proand immunity against political prescription for clerks that abstain from party intrigues and faithfully perform their official duties, are reforms sadly needed.

When a poor, unfriended official dies at Washington, the only resource of his widow -a boarding-house. And what is the history of those establishments in the metropolis? A hard struggle for credit to begin with, a little run of patronage, a falling off, bills, duns, constables, distraints, sacrifices, ruin, broken health, and slander-for that viper seldom fails to strike its fangs into the fame of an unfortunate widow at the head of a boarding-house. If she be beautiful, it is a fatal dowry. If she have a daughter, pure as the shriped Madonna. still the foul breath of envy is on her fame, and it withers before the innocent maiden dreams that even a light word has been whispered.

Sometimes, indeed, through distress and deception, they fall. While I was in Washington, circumstances brought a sad example to my notice. She lives yet, and, if her eye falis on these lines, she will recognize the hand that was once raised to avenge her dishonor, but was stayed by her overwhelming tenderness for the him. I was jis' sett'n down dar by Miss Nan- destroyer of her fame. Her walk now is dreary and desolate. Kindred and friends are gone; fled forever the bright brow of innocence and youth; and yet in her destitution, lost and guilty as she was, she is less criminal than some that judge her. "Go, and sin no more." I cannot think of her without wishing that her pilgrimage may close, invoking on the false one the curse of Heaven; and yet her last prayer will be for her betrayer! Such is wo man! Such the sublime and enduring character of her affections—the generous and un selfish nature of her heart!

I observed at Washington what surprised me much, that married men were in more de mand as gallants than single centlemen. Pet ticost influence seemed to me to be predom nant, and grave Senators were managed and controlled by a pleasant flirtation. This is, perhaps, as it should be. The kingdoms of the as when under the administration of women course, of all its waiting. The cause removed, office holders, and substitute their pretty wives and daughters, probably business would go or better.

One thing did not please me at Washington. some of the ladies seemed to prefer the arm of any member of Congress, no matter how ugly or repulsive, to the attentions of the handsome clerks and citizens of the city. How great an error! The latter would offer them the homage of love and respect. The former too often gazes with the eye of unlawful passion, and weaves his deceitful web until all is lost. to gratify an idle vanity, the young and inno cent are thrown into the path of the spoiler from abroad, who commands wealth, or rank, or influence, while the citizens of the metropolis are scorned-until Congress finally adjourns! and then they are allowed to hover, like summer butterflies, in the perfume beauty, until Congress again assembles, when they are discarded for the gay deceiver, the practised libertine, the gouty, feeble, superannuated gallants, so numerous during the win

ter campaigns. There are many sharp things in Washing ton, but the very sharpest is the tooth of slander. During my residence there a reputation was butchered every twenty-four hours. There ed to be an organized set about Brown's and Gadsby's- a sort of fraternity, half loafer, half gentleman, wearing heavy beards, gold chains, and rattans-who did nothing but hunt up victims from day to day. Scarce a woman, particularly if pretty, was allowed to pass with out an ill-natured remark. If gallanted by a ruber of Congress, and especially a Southerner, there was no mercy for her. On dits passed from hotel to hotel, from boarding-house to boarding house, exaggerated as they circled round, until the crude suspicion, the unfeeling jest, became a received reality. Those men were confirmed rougs themselves : worn-out deoffice holders, bitter against all the world; or same condition as the domestic Aylesbury greedy office-seekers, chagrined by delay; and they avenged themselves by this war on female reputation.

At a wine party given to me at Brown's, a rather distinguished gentleman addressed himself pointedly to me, spoke lightly of the virtue of the sex, and very plainly hinted at his successes. I had never heard such language where I came from, even among the Indians and contemptible cry of retrenchment, has re- It offended me. "Sir," said I, "no man with duced this talented and useful body of men to a true heart sneers at woman. No gentleman the lowest point at which men can live in the ever boasts of his gallantries. He who does, violates confidence, and cannot, therefore, claim to be believed. There are no women in the world superior, if equal, to the women of our country. A young girl may be led off the path of innocence by fraud; a woman may sell herself for bread; but in either case she is to be write over your walls the despairing words of pitied, not ridiculed. He who exposes her is doubly suilty, and should be damned! Love beauty, passion may be plead for error, but nothing can excuse the villain who boasts of his success and points out his victim." (Pressing it to her bosom and rocking is a bitter reflection. He loses heart, and these words I dashed my wine in his face and works like a machine; his early dreams are left the table. He was a reputed fire eater, the designed, and got her expectations realized as flow his soul. He is too promi to be toady of were expected, but I heard nothing more of it. some swellen superior, to hang on the skirts of Our Senator, Col. William R. King, who was at Now go bring me the sugar and some wa- an intriguing politician; or, more revolting the table, said that the whole company justistill, to play the spy and informer to the party fied my proceeding. The gentleman himself Rose brought them, and delivered both with- in power. He will not steep to tricks that dam tried to laugh it off by saying that I was the bottom of the water, and, as I thought, "tight;" but he never appeared again in my was evidently pining away. It struck me that

The ladies of Washington struck me, who

omed to a long life of | beautiful, very fixednating and refined.' In one thing they differ from our Indian women; they look one full in the face, and it is difficult to withstand their glances. An Indian maid, when upon his grave, the very pittance she thas a warrior approaches, bends her head like a drooping leaf. It is only in the deepest recrees, when no others are near, that her loves sees the whole lustre of her eyes, or even the auch sought for, so much envised by those blushes that mantle on her cheek. They love who do not know its melancholy details. Bet, intensely, and make the most faithful of wives

WATCH THY FATHER.-The Quakers are, in the main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kindhearted, and undoubtedly honest people; but in some of them, even as among the "world's honest people," love of fithy lucre will predominate. In one of their farming come nities lived Friend Benjamin and his son. It was their custom to buy up cattle to fatten for sale. One day, Benjamin, junior, had selected a choice portion of stock from a passing drover, and was about to buy, when Benjamin, senior, came along.

"Father. I am about to buy these cattle what doet thee think of them !

"What does he ask? So much? I guess thee'll get them for less; offer him \$--, and wait till morning if he don't trade.'

Pilial Ben assented-made an offer in vainwent home with the old gentleman, sleptand next morning, after caring for the stock, mounted his horse to try again to buy the cattle. But on the way he met Benjamin, senior, returning homeward with the whole herd in question. Benjamin, senior, was wealthy as well as smart-he had taken an early start,

and bought the lot. "Thee will let me have my 'portion,' will thee not?" asked filial Ben.

" No, sonny, of course not; I've bought the whole-want 'em all."

"What ! Isn't that a hard trick to play thy wn son? and I trusted to thee!"

"Ah, Benny," said pater familias, reprovingly, "thee must be sharp and wide-awake; trust nobody, Benjamin; watch everybody; watch the father Benjamin-watch the fa-

Quite likely for young Benjamin the admo nition was needless thenceforward.

INCREDIBLE LIARS. - The French papers in the utumn of 1821 mention that a man named Designing was tried, on his own confession, as an accomplice with Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri. But, on his defence, Desjardins contended that his confession ought not to be believed, because he was so notorious for falsehood, that nobedy in the world would give credit to a word he said. In support of this, he produced a host of witnesses, his friends and relatives, who all swore that the excessive bad character he had given of himself was true, and he was declared "Not guilty." This case parallels with a similar instance some years be fore in Ireland. A man was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock, that he was guilty; but the jury pronounced him "Not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Good heavens, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare that he was guilty " The foreman said-" We did, my lord, and that was the reason we acquittee him, for we know the fellow to be such a no torious liar, that he never spoke a word of truth in his life, therefore we could not believe him on his oath.'

CLASSICS OVERRATED. -- For purposes that will appear obvious, I have sometimes conversed with good classical scholars, who, to my own knowledge, read in the original and much admired, Cicero, Quintilian, and Longinus. After eliciting the most elaborate praise of those authors, for their profound judgment in treating the art of writing, I have requested to know what were the most striking or useful parts of the works which so much excited their admiration, but I could never extract anything worth remembering. I then compelled them to admit that, as far as respected assistance in style, they had gained no advantage, nor found any rule upon which they could decisively act -that their heads, not their minds, were filled with what they thought was something material, but which the test of remembrance proved to be no more solid than salt or sngar that melts away in plain water. Some of those scholars wrote in a very labored, ungraceful, and even long-winded style—the only benefit that they derived from their learning was, they avoided grammatical errors, but for this they were not indebted either to Cicero or Quinti lian .- Justin Brenan.

Wixolms Bins,-The loggerheaded duck of South America can only flap along the surface bauchees, subsisting on stimulants; discharged of the water, and has its wings in nearly the duck. As the larger ground-feeding birds sel dom take flight except to escape danger, I be lieve that the nearly wingless condition of several birds which now inhabit, or have lately inhabited, several oceanic islands, tenanted by no beasts of prey, have been caused by disuse. The ostrich, indeed, inhabits continents, and is exposed to danger from which it could not es cape by flight, but by kicking it can defend itself from enemies, as well as any of the smaller quadrupeds. We may imagine that the early progenitor of the ostrich had habits like those of a bustard, and that as natural selection increased in successive generations the size and weight of its body, its legs were used more and its wings less, until they be came incapable of flight .- Darwin's Origin Species.

> observe the strength of friendship which can exist even between fish. I was accustomed to keep some golden fish in a large glass globe. I do not think that I should do so now ; for whatever care I might take of them, still it was a state of imprisonment to which I was dooming them. It so happened that, from some cause, the nature of which I do not now recollect, my stock was diminished to two. I gave away one of them. The other, from that he was mourning the loss of his companion. I

#### FACES IN THE FIRE.

I watch the drowsy night expire And Fancy paints at my de Her magic pictures in the fire

An island-farm 'mid seas of corn. Swayed by the wandering breath of morn, The happy spot where I was born.

The pisture fadath in its place Amid the glow I seem to trace The shifting semblance of a face.

Tis now a little childish form, Red lips for kisses pouted warm, And elf-locks tangled in the storm

'Tie now a grave and gentle maid. At her own beauty half afraid, Shrinking, yet willing to be stayed

'Tis now a matron with her boys, Dear centre of domestic joys : I seem to hear the merry noise

Oh, time was young, and life was warm When first I mw that fairy form. Her dark hair tossing in the storm

And fast and free these pulses played. When last I met that gentle maid-

Those locks of jet are turned to grey And she is strange and far away, That might have been mine own to-day-

That might have been mine own, my dear, Through many and many a happy year, That might have sat beside me here

Ay, changeless through the changing scene, The ghoetly whisperings between The dark refrain of "might have been.

The race is o'er I might have run. The deeds are past I might have done, And sere the wreath I might have won

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze The vision of departed days Is vanished even as I gaze

The pictures with their ruddy light Are changed to dust and nahes white And I am left alone with night.

# BLIFKINS THE HOUSEHOLDER

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife on the morn-ing of washing day, "Bridget complains that something is the matter with the soft water

"Well, my dear," I replied,-I am very careful to put in all the little tender exple-tives on washing days, having found them serve admirably as mollifiers at such times-"I will see about it."

I had not quite finished reading my morning paper, and sat a moment to conclude the account of the last fearful casualty, when Bridget's face was thrust into the door, as red and bright as an old fashioned brass warm-

"Indade, mem," said she, "the pump's "I wish you was," arose to my lips, but I

didn't speak it.

"Well," replied my wife, "I've done all ! can about it, unless / am expected to draw box and fix it. I expect every day when I shall have to do such work. A woman's life is hard enough at the best, but a little additional service would not hurt her I dare say. Perhaps in the intervals of household duties she might take in jobs of pump mend-

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you se

to the pump?" This was said in a tone that completely over came the horror awakened by the casualty. and throwing the paper aside I proceeded to the kitchen. I tried the handle of the pump, and sure enough, the water refused to flow. A few drops only cozed from the nose, and as I plied the handle the pump gave forth a rumbling sound as though it was surly in its refu-

sal to yield the accustomed supply.

"This is a pretty state of things for washing

day," said my wife. Well, my dear," said I, "I don't see how you can blame me for it; 'thou can'st not say

I immediately essayed to take out the box. The screws that secured the top were rusty and refused to turn.

"Mrs. Blifkins," said I, "where is the ham-

"How should I know where the hammer take care of. My father used to say 'a place

I remembered that I had used the hammer to repair a chicken coop some weeks before, and proceeding to the spot, I found it rusty thickened and contracted, so that when the and dirty, lying just where I had left it. A system like this, closely followed, would prove of immense advantage, for memory of where an article was used would immediately suggest the spot where it was to be found. Returning to the kitchen I commenced work. The rusty threads of the screws refused persistently to vield, but patience wins, and after a halfhour's sweating and fretting I had the top removed and the pump box in my hand. There were evident signs of decay in the leather, and bringing my natural ingenuity to bear upon it, I hammered, and tacked, and cut, and pulled, until I fancied that I had attained perfection in

Mrs. Blifkins," says I, in my momentary satisfaction, "can you tell me the difference betwixt a man who mends pumps and a

Of course she couldn't, and I told her that one was a plum and the other was a plumber, whereat she was pleased to smile, though, I thought, rather derisively.

" Now we shall see," says I, putting in the box, "the triumph of genius. Pour in some water, Bridget, and as I pump shall you see

I manned the brakes, but in vain my effort. No effect was produced but the most painful of a porcine quadruped just expiring under the

My triumph changed, and my chipper notes glimpse of sky, nor atom of a genuine cloud; that she was a large Dutch schooner, either partook of a more tempestuous character as I muttered an expression that nothing but the ever.

immediate circumstances could justify.

"That's right," said my wife, "I would talk in that way. It will help the matter, I dare say very much. Men have get no patience. If they had to bear as much as wo-men do, I don't know what would become of

subdued, "and they shall bring the pump."

I immediately sought Lumb.
"Send workmen," said I, "oh, man of lead pipe and sodder, and mend that without which washing-day becomes a Sabbath without a ermon-for what were washing-day without

Two men accompanied me to my home philanthropists, with disposition and ability to relieve the difficulty under which I labored. "Now, my boys," said I, as I introduced them to the field of their operations, "put her

The term "her" struck Mrs. Blifkins as irrelevant and somewhat personal, as I judged from her looks. No barometer could be more exact than was her countenance to my expe-

rienced vision. "Look here, sir," said one of the men, trying the handle, "there ain't nothing the mat-

ter with the pump." "Then what is the matter with the infernal

thing ?" I asked excitedly. "The principal reason is, I think, sir, that the water has gin out."

I looked at the man wonderingly, but his est eye convinced me that he was sincere, and after examination proved the truth of what

"My friend," said I, "here is a trifle for you, and I will settle with Lumb. Don't say

I never knew how the matter came out, but always thought Mrs. Blifkins must have told about it .- Sat. Eve. Gazette.

CHILDREN'S DISEASES.—There are not a few popular opinions, in regard to which it is useful at times to ask a question or two. For example, it is commonly thought that children must have what are commonly called "children's epidemics," "current contagions," &c.: in other words, that they are born to have measles, whooping-cough, perhaps even scarlet fever, just as they are born to cut their teeth, if they live. Now, do tell us, why must a child have measles? Oh, because, you say, we annot keep it from infection; other children have measles and it must have them, and it s safer that it should. But why must other children have measles? And if they have, why must yours have them too? If you be lieved in and observed the laws for preserving the health of houses, which inculcate cleanliness, ventilation, whitewashing, and other means (and which, by the way, are laws), as implicitly as you believe in the popular opinion (for it is nothing more than an opinion), that your children have children's epidemics, don't you think that upon the whole your child will be more likely to escape altogether?—Florence Nightingale's Notes on Nursing

## CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

Our frigate was homeward bound to England from the Halifax Station, and during our first fortnight on the Atlantic, we had pleasant weather. Nothing remarkable occurre ed until one afternoon, when Mr. Murray, our first lieutenant, directed my attention to the very singular appearance of the sun. There was a great and most remarkable halo around it—not an ordinary, regular-shaped halo, but one which, if I may use the expression, was Vandyked, or split into divisions, like the points of the compass, and these sections were jagged at the edges, and kept fluctuating in shape. There were not many clouds, but all along the horizon to windward a dull-red mist had hung all day long, and steadily, albeit slowly, in creased in magnitude and density. There was very little wind, and it came in inconstant puffs. The air was unusually warm for the latitude and the time of the year, and it had a

neer oppressive feel.

Many others on board keenly noted the trange aspect of the sun and sky; and towards unset there was a sudden and portentous change which could not escape the observation is?" she replied, "it is probably where you dissolving view drawn by the hand of man, and was succeeded, almost directly, by a shapeless mass of vapor, through which the sun shone for everything and everything in its place.'

I mass of vapor, through which the sun shone tike a huge, dim globe of molten fire, red as red could be. When the sun touched the edge red could be. When the sun touched the edge red could be wh of the horizon, its apparent magnitude visibly shrunk and dwindled as though the vapor orb finally disappeared, it was reduced to a mere spark, and its place was almost immediately filled by a derise curdling mist. The lurid vapor to windward had deepened materially, and now rose rapidly to the height of forty-five degrees. The wind died away to a light cat's paw after supset, and the ship had barely steerage way. Yet, to the astonishment of everybody, the barometer kept steady.

Our captain was an old and experienced mariner. Although not easily frightened, he was prudent. He stripped the ship of all her light sails, and sent down royal masts, and took in the studding-sail booms and the flyinggib-boom. That done, the men were sent to supper, and an anxious brooding silence ensued. By and by, the quartermaster at the moderate until every man on board was almost wheel announced that the ship no longer had steerage way. The breeze, in fact, had sighed there was a decided bull in the storm, and ere itself entirely to rest like a wearied child; and nightfall it had moderated to a fitful breeze; our lower canvass thudded heavily and list- but the sea swelled most fearfully. The song lessly, and the yards creaked at every slight book simile of waves running roll of the hull. The "are-mist," as an old high" seemed almost realized. We were, howdegree that an unearthly darkness ensued. I sily kept under.

For a couple of hours after sunset, the phenomena of the heavens and the ocean remained much the same; and then there came a per ceptible change for the worse. The duil red-dish flakes faded out of the sembre mists, and a most marvellous sight ensued. I hardly know how to describe it intelligibly and faith-"I will bring mechanics," said I, a little subdued, "and they shall bring the pump." vast canopy of darkness instantaneously sprinkvast canopy of dark nees instantaneously spring, led with tens of thousands of minute sparkling points—darting and flashing—appearing and disappearing—contracting and expanding— singly and in clusters, he will form a faint idea of the startling spectacle, unparalleled in the experience of the oldest seaman of the crew Captain Incledew came on deck, and issued precise orders in a low tone to the first lieu tenant. He, in turn, communicated them to his subordinates in a subdued voice; and they were executed with a celerity and a silence that I never saw equalled either before or sinc on any similar emergency. The topgalland yards and masts were struck, and the spars eased of all top-hamper that could be dispensed with. The courses were furled. The mizen topsail was also furled. The fore and main topsails were closely resfed—this, when not an air of wind was blowing! Extra lashings were put on the boats, the ports and hatches were secured, and every conceivable precantion adopted to prepare the ship for the expected storm. A landsman would have magined our captain had taken leave of his senses, by thus making ready his ship for action with an enemy as yet invisible and

Another sudden and subtle change in the elements ensued. The sparkling points be came fused together with an audible crepita ion, and assumed the form of flickering light ning. This lightning spread itself from the horizon on all points, and culminated at the senith, where it formed a superb coronal of living flame, environed by long tongues of crimson fire. Low growls of thunder afar off. now faintly struck the ear; and brighter and brighter flashed the lightning. Yet, so still was the atmosphere at this brooding moment, that the flame of a candle held up at arm's length, by way of experiment, ascended perfeetly straight.

More and more vivid grew the lightning nearer and louder roared Heaven's dread artillery; and an indescribable low creeping posning betokened that the surface of the great deep was beginning to partake of the ervous agitation of the elements

At length the great crisis was evidently at hand. Sea and ship were literally illumined by blinding lightning—not mere narrow flashes but mighty flakes or streams of subtle electric fluid that momentarily swallowed up the blackness of darkness," and that darted forked tongues of blazing fire, as though to lick up the impotent human beings exposed to their fell wrath. The color of this lightning was not, as is ordinarily the case, a livid white, but was red as blood-at least it seemed so to our excited fancies and fearfully did it uplight the pale, ghastly-looking faces of one awe-struck crew. Ever and anon the appal-ling thunder bellowed and crashed like the blended report of a thousand pieces of heavy artillery: and every moment we expected the ship would be shattered to pieces beneath our

A pause ensued, as though the demons the storm were taking breath. In this brief interval, a ball of fire settled on the caps of each of the masts-an omen much dreaded by mariners, who call it a corposant. When only one ball appears it is termed Corpo Santo, or St. Helena ; if two, Castor and Pollux ; if three, St. Elmo's fire.

Another breathless pause, and then with a fearful rushing, hissing roar, the storm-wind burst upon our devoted vessel, and although it struck us astern, such was its terrific force that every sail but the close-reefed foretopsail and the storm-staysail was blown out of the bolt-ropes, and the ship plunged forward headlong into the seething ocean, until she was buried to the foremast. Had the blast caught her on the broadside, down we must have gone in the twinkling of an eye. Then the ing off, and would have broached to had she not been powerfully met by the helm. Onward she now rushed with a fearful and aug fact that the spray which flew over us in drenching showers was milk-warm, whilst the rain was icy cold.

Never shall I forget that tremendous night! The oldest seaman on beard had never experienced its equal. The stoutest heart quailedthe most danntless trembled, lest the next minute might be his last.

Three of our boats, and above ninety feet of bulwarks, were carried clean away; the jibboom broke off by the cap; the mizzen topmast snapped like a carrot; the mainvard smashed in the slings; the stern-post started; two feet water in the hold; seven men washed overboard! Kre morning we were compelled to and our upper-deck guns and quarter-deck car. ronades were heaved overboard.

During eight-and-forty hours we battled with the insatiate tempest; nor did it finally worn-out. On the morning of the third day, " mountains

above deck; the feretopmast snapped off at the cap of the foremast; and on the latter was set a foresail, or rather the remains of one, for it was split from head to foot in three or four places. Signals of distress were hoisted from the foreshrouds, and several of the crew waved es. Signals of distress were hoisted from pieces of canvas to attract our notice. With difficulty and risk our ship was here to, in order to communicate with or relieve the stranger, if possible; and we halled her repeatedly, but the answer was not intelligible. One thing we clearly perceived—the hapless Dutchman had not a boat left. One or two female forms emerging from the cabin increased our desire to render assistance. The risk of doing so was very great. If we lowered a boat and it each ped being awamped alongside, there was the intervening water to cross, and a boarding to be effected, and the crew and passengers taken

"Shall I lower the larboard cutter, sir ! asked the first lieutenant, addressing Captain Ingledew, who had long and anxiously gased at the disabled craft.

"I will not order a boat to be lowered in such a sea as this !" was the quiet but signifi-

"Permit me to take the cutter, sir," I im-

"And volunteers!"

"Four, sir, and a coxswain."

Permission was given, and in lieu of the re-gular cutter's crew, I selected a quartermaster conswain, and four prime seamen from score or two, who immediately offered to go the captain or my brother officers, concerning the danger of the undertaking; only Leigh Conway wrung uty hand, and whispered the impressive interrogative words,

"If anything happens to you, old fellow?"
"Open the lower drawer in my cabin, and you will find a sealed packet, with directions

He gravely nodded, and I calmly took my seat in the stern sheets of the cutter, now ready for lowering, under the immediate per sonal superintendence of the first lientenant

Kind old Captain Ingledew gave a loud ahem to clear away a little huskiness from his

"Mr. Derwent !" "Bir!" I responded.

"If you safely board the schooner, I expect you to return with the crew and passengers, if possible. But if you cannot get them off, you must decide whether to come back as you went, or to stay by the vessel and endeavor to save her. It seems to me an equal

"If I resolve to abide by the sch Captain Ingledew, what are my instructions?"
"To save and work her to the nearest Bri-

"What signal shall I give in the latter "Three oar blades above the taffrail."

"All clear sailing now, sir; I will do my want . \*\*

"I do not doubt it. God be with you. Lower

A favorable roll of the ship enabled the men successfully to perform the very delicate and uncertain act of lowering a boat in a mountainous sea, and the tackles were cast off the in-

"Give way, men! For life or death!"

For life or death we indeed struggled in mor senses than one. Nothing, under Providence, but consummate skill on the part of the old quartermaster whom I had entrusted with steering, saved us from being capsized or sunk a score of times during the passage from our ship to the schooner. Our frail cutter was literally whirled like a cork on the yeasty billows, and when we sunk in the trough of the vast Atlantic "rollers," we appeared gliding to destruction helplessly as swiftly; at times monstrous green waves upreared their glittering crests far above our heads as though about to instantly burst upon us—yet not a single drop of water did we ship. A terrible hard pull was it, even for the powerful arms and toughened sinews of my gallant crew, and the time occupied seemed to us an age. At last we poor old craft uprose, her head quivering with the shock, and whole cataracts of water pour-and then the question was how to board her and then the question was how to board her without having the cutter staved alongside Thrice we attempted to board amidships, but, even with the help of the Dutchmen, utterly of the most stolid or inexperienced. The halo entirely disappeared, as though it were a mere menting velocity, leaping and plunging, shake failed. I then resolved to try the counter, ing and rolling, and at one time thrown over and a small hawser having been cast to us, we on her beam-ends, until several planks of the made fast and veered astern. By carefully deck were under water. The sea rose in fury watching the pitch of the schooner, myself and almost as suddenly as the wind, which literally three men managed to get on board over the was formed on the instant-I would stay by the

The scene presented by the deck of mynheer was not remarkably encouraging. The round house had been swept overboard; the bulwarks were shattered; a few broken spars and tangled rigging and ropes were strewn about; and eight or ten miserable-looking seamen were clustered aft, staring at me with a woetensity. The females whom we had seen on deck had gone below.

"Do any of you speak English?" was my first query.

Not a soul replied. "Who's the captain? the skipper? the me with the eager wordsnaster ?"

My last two words elicited immediate ejacu- here to save na! Den schipper? den meester?"

"Yes, where is he?"

A brief pause and they returned, pushing and I stammered and stood like a simpleton. sound—a sort of asthmatic wheezing, like that dense, nameless, palpable veil, not honeytly sea continued to ran exceedingly high. In the wrinkled with fright, and his goggle blue eyes and enough—you'll imagine the rest.

I thinks I vas pulled all in leadle bits. Still I of a porcine quadruped just expiring under the black, but streaked and interwoven with dim, afternoon we perceived a vessel evidently in rolled round without a particle of animation or ruddy gleams. There was not the slightest great distress, and, on nearing her, made out expression.

ladies,) cried I, "are you the master?"
"Den schipper! yaw?" cherussed his crew,
whilst he himself grimaced hideously, and

murmured-'Ag my wat pyn!"

"What pain!" echoed I, understanding a little Dutch; "why, what is the matter with

you?"
"Helas wat scrik!" meaned he. (Alas, what terror!)

"Wakker, schipper!" (courage, skipper!) cried one of his crew. "Hed mose!" (come, cheer up!) added another.

But the unhappy old shipmaster was so be wildered and terror-stricken that he only groaned piteously and wrung his hands.

I paused a moment and surveyed the wretch discust which a seaman naturally feels when he beholds one of his own manly profession to the discust which a seaman is not manly profession. langer at sea.

"Skipper, do you speak English?" cried I in no gentle tones.

The question seemed to arouse him, for he

goggled hideously, and murmured-"Yaw, mynheer, yaw! I spik English

"What's your name?"

"Myn naam Vanderdunderboom!"

"Hem! a pretty name and very pretty fellow you are! What is the name of your sch
"Den Keiser!" (The Emperor).
"Where from?"

"Asores te Rotterdam."

"What's your cargo?"
Mynheer Vanderdunderboom pansed a moent to collect his ideas, and then informed use that his cargo was goods and fruit. Fur-ther questions elicited that the vessel had aprung a leak, in the bows, as he believed, but he seemed to know very little on that or any other subject, and I could not make his crew comprehend me. I was about to ask concerning the passengers, when they emerged from the cabin—two females, and an elderly gentleman, all of whom I knew at a glance to be English. The gentleman, named Blackburne, who appeared very weak and ill, briefly expressed his thankfulness that a British naval officer had come to rescue them, and said that the young lady was his daughter, and the woman her servant. I scarcely glanced at either of the latter, being too much occupied by the emergency of the case. Mr. Blackburne expressed his opinion that so far as leakage was concerned the vessel was in no immediate dan-died, leaving the Yorkshire squire his sole concerned the vessel was in no immediate dan-ger of foundering, but anxiously asked if I thought I could safely convey them on board the man-of-war, I candidly told him that the risk would be exceedingly great, and that my first duty was to ascertain the real state of the

schooner. On sounding the pumps and examining the vessel, I fancied there was a possibility of sa-ving her, and resolved to "father" a sail over the bows to stop the supposed leaks. With a deal of shouting we managed to make the crew understand our intentions, and a spare foreand aft foresail being got on deck, my own men "thrummed" it. So little help did the Dutch seamen give, that my patience was exhausted, and forgetting that they could not understand my words, I gave them a grand nau-tical lecture, to which they listened openmouthed, and clattered their wooden shoes

"Look alive, you pickle-herring lubbers!"
roared I, "and don't stand goggling at me as if you had each swallowed a belaying pin! And do you, Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, bestir yourself like a man, or by George!" and I significantly shook a rope's end over his head. The idea of their corpulent old skipper being threatened with a rope's ending so tickled the fancies of the Dutchmen, that they grinned, and hee hawed, and yawed like a parcel of donkeys over a bed of thistles. "Do you hear, Mynheer?" I reiterated, giving the fife-rail smart rap with the rope

"Ag! yaw! I spik Engelish mooch all saam—ik koom'er van Engeland—mooch Engelish fine-ag! myn vrou!"

"You old dunderheaded idiat! go below to your berth. You are neither boy, man, sailor, nor soger! You are no more use on board than an empty pickle-jar!"

We got the sail over the bows and manned learned our language when very young ?" the pumps. The result was most satisfactory. The chief, if not only leaks—for the craft was exceedingly stout and well-built-were about the bows, and the sail drew in so well that een Engelander. Engelish gute, my Faderhalf an hour's vigorous pumping lightened the land tongue betterer. vessel a foot, and convinced us that provided no fresh leak occurred there was no imminent | deed !" danger of foundering. Hardly had we come to this conclusion ere a gun was fired from the and smacked his lips, and patriotically grunted 'Termagant' as a reminder

quartermaster!

"Ay, ay, sie

The signal was promptly acknowledged by our ship firing another gun and keeping away

I next had our cutter hauled up, and the fathoms.

duty, the aweetest of all sweet voices saluted ven I show engines to ter womens. I not no

"Oh, sir, how thankful I am that you are in dat duvil hole."

"My daughter, Lucy, Mr. Derwent," said room ! Mr. Blackburne. "Lieut. Derwent, my child." We exchanged bown mine involuntarily a boom "I slip down to Aere?" A couple of the fellows instantly dived down | deep one, and on raising my head I gazed at | slapping what Buntline called his the companion-way, and a wonderful splutter. the young lady so fixedly that a rosy blush reing and groaning saluted my astonished ears. minded me of my want of manners, and then laughters, and dance round me. Ugh! dere f nauling on deck-their skipper! He was a truth was, I felt as much astounded as Myn. mens squeal laughters till I mad, and ter tamt squab fat old man, attired in corduror trow-heer Vanderdunderboom would have done, had sailor laughs, too, and pull me, while ter stosers, a huge green flapped waistcoat, and a a veritable mermaid skipped on deck and flop kers push at my foots in ter coal house, and blue coat reaching down almost to his heels, ped down at his High Mightiness's feet with a tey pull and push till I cry my arms vas coseaman called it in my hearing, expanded all ever, now safe; for the carpenter had managed and profusely decorated with brass buttons as deep sea curtiesy. For did I not behold a fine, ming off, More deep pull, faster I Jamb, and profusely decorated with brass buttons as deep sea curtiesy. For did I not behold a fine, ming off, More deep pull, faster I Jamb, and deep sea curtiesy. For did I not behold a fine, ming off, More deep pull, faster I Jamb, and this flight Might meets a feet with a pull of the profusely decorated with brass buttons as deep sea curtiesy. of sea boots with wide tops, reaching high tude of an accomplished lady, with such a chase. So deyrig a derrick, and clap rope say "unearthly," because it was not a good, or the next day we repaired damages as well above his kneed, and a great fur cap on his common-place, natural obscurity, but rather a sathe rolling of the ship permitted, for the head. His broad puffy face was white and

"What the devil!" (pardon my expletive, adies,) cried I, "are you the master?" we may now reasonably hope to reach home

"Oh," exciained Lucy, with considerable vivacity, "from the mamout I saw your bost lowered, I felt that my fears were at an end, and and "-she stopped short and blushed

"God grant your confident anticipations may e realized," said I. "We will do all that be realis British seamen can do. I promise no more. But pardon me, sir, I must now take steps to insure our mutual safety."

Mr. Blackburne bowed, and went below with his daughter and the servant.

It would not be generally interesting were I to detail all that I did to reader the schooner seaworthy. Suffice it that my grim old quast-termaster kept the puor Dutchman so hard at work at the pumps, that the vessel was as dry as an empty bucket by eight belie; and mean-while my own seamen had cleared the decks of the wreck of rigging, &c., bent a foresail

of the wreck of rigging, &c., bent a foresail in a ship shape manner, and erected a juryment in place of the main, and a jiggermant shaft, temporary sails being hoisted on each. I was just wondering what sort of a supper I and the men could obtain (for beeffed Britons don't cordially reliab the fare of Dutch seamen), when Mr. Hiackburne came on deck and informed me that a good, substantial supper would be sent on deck for my men in a few minutes, and that his daughter requested my commany at her cay table is ter requested my company at her own table in

I was agreeably surprised to flud a roumy, handsomely-fitted cabin (the whole of which had been engaged by Mr. Blackburne), and a table supplied with a most appetising het supper. Nor was my appetite diminished by incidentally learning that the supper had been prepared by the fair industrious hands of Miss Lucy Blackburne, assisted by her maid. And a very happy supper it by her maid. And a very happy supper it was in that Dutchman's cabin-a hear the occasional grunts and means, and delorous ejaculations of Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, as he rolled about in his berth in the

adjoining steerage.

I learnt something during that supper. I learnt that Mr. Blackburne was a gentieman of fortune and lauded estate in Yorkshire—that Lucy was his only child, and that her mother was dead; that they had been to the Azores in consequence of the death of Mr. Black-burne's only brother, who had long been set heir, which obliged the latter to sail to the Asores, to take possession and realize the large property bequeathed to him; that Lucy accompanied her father; that when they had settled their business at the Azores, they waited some time for a vessel to convey them home, and were obliged, at last, to embark in the Dutch

schooner "Den Keiser." I learnt, moreover, that I was-in love. Ton thousand times no! How could I be in love with this Yorkshire girl, at first sight? "Shiver my topeails!" (as sailors say in sea-novels, but sever on shipboard) such an idea is only worthy of a bellamite. In love? What! on board a half-foundered, dismasted Dutch schooner, with her skipper pumped to a jelly lying in the neighboring steerage, groaning and maundering worse than an old-wife with the

toothache!

Three days have elapsed. On the morning of the third day Mynheer Vanderdunderboom came crawling on deck. He had changed for the better. His bewilderment had given place to a sort of uncalculating con fidence, now that he at length understood that a British naval officer was in charge of his yes sel, and he smoked his dirty old pipe, and quaffed his "Hollands" with gusto on deck, and saluted me with a Dutch complimentary phrase which I am far too modest to translate. so exhilarated did Mynheer Vanderdunder boom's spirits become after smoking a couple of ounces of negro-head, and imbibing some thing like a pint of juniper smelling Hollands, that he addressed me in what he fondly be

eved to be pure English. "You speak English astonishingly well, Captain Vanderdunderboom," I gravely remarked. "One would fancy you must have

"Yaw, mynheer," complacently replied the nnocent Dutchman, highly gratified by the compliment, "I does spik Engelish saam well

"Ah, Dutch must be a lovely language, in

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom rolled his eyes "I vonce skipper der Engelish sheep."

You were once captain of an English ship in it possible ?" "Yaw: I did be skipper of steam-sheep dat go from Hull to Rotterdam. I go voyage

e-herer not no more. How was that. "Ag! ten tousand duvils! I vil never not no more put my foots omboard steam sheep two men clambered on board. In their place I I was sail from Hull; big of passengers; mouch and the Datch cabin boy with a bucket to bale Engelish ladies omboard. I gallant man to out any water the boat might ship, and then dem Engelish womens-show dem all terma veered her astern to the length of half-a-dozen chines of ter sheep. Dero is von round hole in deck of steam-sheep for to put coal down to As I turned round from superintending this ter stokers, and dat tamt round hole vas open

"You didn't fall through into the coal

"No." grouned Mynheer Vanderdunder impressively The vas. I try lift out-not nohow. And ter wo-

and: In one omen; they maid, when head like a deepest reat her lover or even the They love al of wives

ifty, kindeopie ; but will preis son. It fatten for ul selected ng drover,

I guess he stock,

the cat n, senior. ealthy as rly start, on, will ught the

play thy awake : ybody; thy fa-

admo in the named sion, as of the Desjarght not ld give f thie. friends cessive

is cas ars be e trial him claim-WAS

s true,

t will After ting dmihing e in

ate that

as you hatchway to get me out. Dat cost fifty guiden to repair, and I its abed you Ag. I never set foots omboard steamep not never no more, nehow !"

nendable and prodential resostim, my dear Mynhoor Vand of Miss Lucy Blackburne, who had cined us on the quarter-deck in time to overhear the conclusion of the skipper's narrative. And what is more, I should strongly advise you, on next reaching Rotterdam, to bid adieu prever to the treacherous main, and settle down for life, with your good old 'vron' by the suburbs, with a men garten,' where you can cultivate tuthe door, where you can sit and smoke all day long, and relate your terrific voyage on Atlantic, and what neparalleled seamanship you displayed, and how heroleally you exerted yourself to save the vessel by-pumpwith your own hands under compulsion of an English quartermester

yard of smoke from his meerschaum, and or two, space of a minute and a half; then omitted a long-drawn, guttural grunt (which might mean everything or nothing); and without uttering a syllable of reply, coully turned his back her and gased apparently at a cloud in the far distance. As this is the last glimpus the reader will have of his High Mightiness, I regret that it presents him in a somewhat ungallant light; but great men have their little occaional weaknesses, yes know.

Gentle breezes and a smooth sea lasted u until our deep sea lead had brought up "sand and shells," by which we knew to a certainty that we had entered the "chops of the Channel." and were within a day's sail of an English port. Heigho! I absolutely whistled fo head wind, so reluctant was I at the prospect of a termination to the delightful society I enjoyed aboard "Den Keizer." And when we let go anchor in Plymouth Sound I looked so rueful that "bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle an' poerless," archly laughed in my face, and then blushed crimson. Why she laughed and why she blushed was a mystery which would have puzzied the wisdom of Mynbeer Vanderdunerboom to elucidate.

When we were about to part, Mr. Blackburne, after briefly but warmly expressing his gratitude for the services I had been the instrument of rendering, invited me, in a way that would take no denial, to visit him and spend Christmas and the New Year at his York-"I think, Mr. Derwent," added he with a drollish smile. "that my daughter will, if needful, add her frank and earnest invitation to mine." But Miss Lucy didn't, for all that! No, the demure young lady hadn't even the grace to express in an ordinary commonniace way that she would be glad to see

The "but" is such an important "but," that I must honor it by commencing a fresh

But she care me her little hot, trembling hand; and if she didn't look rosy as Aurora; and if her bright eves were not dimmed with tears; and if her lips did not quiver as she faltered farewell - I am as true a Dutchman as I might as well have attempted to move the Mynheer Vanderdunderboom!

From Plymouth I proceeded with my men to Portsmouth, where the "Termagant" had Lucy cried till her eyes were red-not for fear arrived only two days before the Dutch but for thinking what people would say of her schooner (for the salvage of which we were, bythe by, handsomely remunerated by the Rotter dam owners). The "Termacant" was paid off, and I found myself, by the beginning of December, free as the winds that blow, so far as my personal movements were concerned-but my "Ag! wee!" (as Mynheer Vander dunderboom had taught me to ejaculate)-my heart ah | woe | my heart was a throbbit captive in the possession of Miss Lucy Black

A week before Christmastide, I donned a bran-new uniform, and set forth on my promised visit to Mr. Blackburne's resider which was contiguous to a haudet on the York. shire coast. I arrived there nearly at midnight on the 21st, and late as it was, received a welcome worthy of an old, old friend. Whether it is strict Vorkshire etiquette for a young lady to sit up till midnight to receive an expected more than I can tell; but I know that Miss Lucy was up to greet me, and no gem pick axes and other tools, attacked the fallen from the mines of Golconda ever glistened and sparkled more brightly than her eyes.

Christmas, like myself. ver and laughed at, and a hundred schemes for spending the season right merrily were dis-To me, however, there was one terrible draw. | word to me apart. back, in the shape of a great hulking fellow of a Yorkshire squire, who stood six feet two in what I call a silver-speen man his stockings, was only twenty two years of age (would to goodness I could have made him fourscore by a touch of a magic wand!) a renowned for hunter and four-bottle man, raw boned, strong as Hercules (the scoundrei al- I angrily to orted. most crushed my hand to a jelly under pretence of shaking it, to express his picasure at seeing "the here," as he phrased it, of the Smuggler's Cave's a nice Cupid's bower, sh Dutch schooner, but in reality to give me a Yes. Don't swear so. You will want a groom palpable hint that he could smash me like crockery, if I had made it worth his while); who had what his friends called a slight cast in the eye, but which I pronounced to be a hideens squint, who had a pair of tremendous whiskers, as red and bushy as a fox's tail; and who (here comes the sting of the matter!) was removed-of Lucy Blackburne; and in virtue of this consinship the gaunt creature at all times assumed airs of disgusting familiarity towards her; talking to her without a shade of severence : cloaking and shawling her; and, on the whole, behaving towards her in a way that made my blood simmer and boil. Pray don't fancy that I was jealous of him. Not a bit of it, only-only I should not have put on mourning had he broken his neck in leaping a

resolved ourselves into a Committee of Ways said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a and Means, to devise and determine how to strange country, and I don't want to make spend the evening in a manner worthy of the | myself enemies |"

get are and chep ter deck till him cut hole consaion. I know we consulted a variety of get up our merry makings in genuine old English style, and I also know we were all in in means spirits after an early tea, and agreed, as it was a most brilliant starlight night, with a sharp frost, to take a s'ro'l out on the cliffs before commencing the Christman revels.

And so we set forth, a pleasant party, the entlemen in the highest spirits, the ladies enjoying themselves immensely, all mightily shilerated, and quite as happy as mortals have any sort of a right to be in this vale of tears and tributations. On the summit of the precipitous cliffs, we, naturally enough, frolicked into lit'le separate groups, and I'm sure you will admit that it was perfectly natural that Julia Summercourt (what a pretty name!) and Lucy Blackburne, and Charles Derwent, very speedily found themselves isolated from all others; and it was even yet more natural and proper that a very few minutes only claps. ed ere Julia Summercourt disappeared

Meanwhile, we had descended to the beach, Mynheer Vanderdunderboom slowly puthel a and pursued a mightily rough walk of a mile till we got under the shadow of the stared with his great fishy eyes at Lucy for the great cliff which contained the Smuggler's lave. A huge, gloomy, savage, thundering cliff it was ! "There is the cave!" said Miss Lucy; and sure enough, I saw a gloonry opening right on a level with the beach-an opening unapproachable save at low water, as happened to be then. We drew nigh the month. "Stop a moment," whispered Miss (I'm sure I don't know why she whispered, for not a living soul was within a mile.) T've got a wax taper," said she, and she produced and lighted it. The night was your calm, as cold, frosty nights usually are. The was taper shed a bright, flickering light on the face of the cliff, and we carefully picked our way within the Smuggler's Cave.

The cave was a very ordinary cave. There was nothing about it suggestive of a raw-headand bloody bones legend. I certainly paused a moment at the entrance to gaze at a huge mass of overhanging cliff, which struck me as being suspended somewhat in the fashion of Damocles' sword; but as Miss Lucy did not appear to notice it or care for it, we passed within, and by the light of the taper surveyed the dank roof and rugged sides, and the rocky bottom, on which seg-woods grew near the en trance. I perpetrated some stupid jokes, and Miss Lucy condescended to laugh; and then well, and then, after we had duly surveyed the cold, damp hole, we were in the very act of passing forth on to the beach, when the over hanging mass of cliff, without giving uswarn ing by a single crack, fell thundering down and blocked up the entrance. If I were to say that Lucy did not scream, and that I did not ejaculate, on this astounding occurrence, prohably nobody would believe me

Gracious me! we were in a nice predicament. The tide was " making," and, sailor-like, my first thought was about that. I asked poor trembling Lucy how high the tide ascended in the cave, and my fellow-captive confessed sh didn't know; but judging by the sea-weed and ally came in at high water to a most uncon fortable as well as perilous extent. I made desperate effort to "break the blockade." but Great Pyramid.

Time sped. I shouted till I was boson for getting into such a peculiar trouble. I'm sure I comforted her as well as I knew how and I even hazarded a hardy assertion that our friends would be sure to resone us before the was laper was burned out. But that said taper actized the voice of the detested Vorkshire equity), gave us assurance that Julia Summer art had turned up somewhere, and had put our friends on the right scent to discover us The cold, rippling tide had advanced so far a to drive us to the extremity of the cave by this time, and the squire and his companions were actually affoat in a boat at its entrance. They hawled to us the comfortable assurance that until the tide ebbed again no help could be

dawn a numerous body of men, armed with mass of rock, and after half a dozen hours of vons. It was in vain we searched the horihard labor, they cut a passage for us to emerge. 200, sounded the creeks, and explored all the of 12,000,000 or even 15,000,000 of francs. Ex and we stepped forth to the beach, and Lucy been invited to spend threw herself sobbing on the breast of her faThe origin of my acther, and I—oh, confound it !—I was the butt of cruel anxiety had thus passed, when the dozen guests, who had been invited to spend threw herself sobbing on the breast of her faquaintance with the Blackburnes was talked for the arrows of Yorkshire wit, which every man at the mast-head called out, "A wreck

man and woman present discharged in a cloud. to the westward, drifting towards the land." It was now Christmas Day, and on our way cassed. The three next days were spent in a home the wretch of a cousin, whom I have all liantly, the sky clear: the warm air vibrated shall be to give practical lessons in the art of succession of delightful country amusements. ready characterized, thought well to speak a on the horizon. All our telescopes, turned in breeding systems on a grand scale.

> "I say, leeftensut," muttered he, "you are "What do you mean, sir !"

omes, as you scamen call it.

I wish I knew the rope spun to hang you!"

He burst into a horse laugh.

No offence, leeftenant-oh, dear, no Smuggler's Cave's a nice Cupid's bower, eh! man. I'm disengaged, and always at home! "Sir !" I stammered passionately.

"All right!" shouted the monster, with as other hilarious burst of laughter that made the

Well, after all, I didn't think this hideon-Yorkshire cousin such a very atrocious wretch a sort of consin I don't know how many times as I had hitherto done, when he actually did officiate as my groomsman some six months wed near the object of its mission. She stop-

> Kight bells, my hearties! The watch is calld, and my yarn reeled off. Here's wishing that every honest man may sooner or later tackle a Lucy as bonny and as good as mine, and may there ever be a Smuggler's Cave for him to pop the question in?

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the On the morning of Christmas Eve, we all devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor."

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

BRADOWINGS PREPARING FOR LEFT. THE REPRESE'S PETTIONATE—VEHETATION IN MOON-A QUEER STORY-PISHER AGAIN-A BOLD PROJECT-Mr. SPERGERS IN PARIS

Pants, Pub. 9, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post : Notwithstanding the general tone of hopefulness inspired by the more pacific-looking policy of the Emperor of the French, Europe is far from easy as to the future. delay in the settlement of Italian affairs, the prevalence of the rumors of annexation of Saroy, and the obstinacy of the Pope and Austrian Kaiser, all conspire to keep the public mind of this bemisphere in a state of doubt and anxiety. Humors of coming trouble, of war that is to "break out" with fresh vio-"in the spring," are rife in Prussia, Berlin, Vienna, and here; the Northern Italians naturally sharing the common persuasion to a very great extent. One hardly sees how, but the fact that the public mind is not quiet,

cannot be denied. In this city, people are doing their best to e left them before Lent begins. For the information of those who may be anxious to going out or holding its own : I may state, on ample authority, that it is holding sway as tyrannically as ever. It is true, as I learn from a lady who saw her Majesty during the three days that she persisted in the experiment of going without her hoops, that the Empress really has been trying to do without the circles of steel that now encompass civilized woman-kind; but it is equally true that she has abandoned the attempt in despair, the Empero himself declaring that their absence made her look "a figure," and entreating her to assume the discarded garment once more. So we may consider the reign of "crinoline" as having now taken a new lease of existence.

Those who had the curiosity and the pa tience to sit up to the small hours of the morning, on the night of the 6th inst., had the satis faction of witnessing a tolerably complete eclipse of the little satellite whose influence is generally regarded as so injurious to the mental health of the people of our planet. Our satellite has hitherte been considered as little better than a lump of matter without organization, or life of any kind on its surface, and the principal reason in support of this supposition lay in the assertion that the moon has no atmosphere, or, at most, only a very low one, just above the surface of the globe. But we learn from a recent article in the Astronomische Nachrichten, from the pen of the celebrated astronomer, Herr Schwabe, that, in attentively examining the curious streaks on the moon's surface which some astronomers have taken for roads, fortifications, or other artificially produced objects, he has ascertained that, at pertain periods, they present a which they lose in the course of a few months. and then reassume after a similar period. Such an appearance, Mr. Schwabe contends, can only be produced by vegetation, and is similar to the appearance which our earth must present to the eyes of a lunarian in the ordinary rotation of our terrestrial seasons. If this carrious observation be confirmed, and vegetation exist in the moon as on the earth, there must be water in the moon, and the existence there of animal life would geem of ne essity to follow from that of vegetation.

From the moon to the tides of our own pla net which are so intimately dependent on he influence, and thence to the very remarkable work of Lieutenant Julien, entitled Currents and Revolutions of the Atmosphere and of the Sea, the transition is easy. Among the many curious things interspersed through this high ly interesting work, is a most graphic description of the phenomenon of the mirage, which I extract, as nearly as possible, in the author's

the 16th of December, 1846, off the island of embryo system in a box one metre square; s Reunion, we found ourselves separated from that, with twelve or fifteen such loves, not the French corvette Le Berceau, which could minable night we were compelled to spend. not, however, be far off. We were enabled, Suffice it that when the tide receded at day by the aid of jury-masts, to reach, in the by the aid of jury-masts, to reach, in the ourse of a few days, the island of Ste Marie of and collected into parks, are worth at least Madagascar, which was the place of rendezsinuosities of the coast; we could find no

It was no dream; the sun was shining bril- he calls the direction confirmed the truth of the fest "Oh, wething. Only I fancy you 'know the men, and towed by boats, on which were seen of English capitalists have made an applicafluttering signals of distress. The figures were clearly and sharply defined; the outlines all the extinction of Mount Vesuvius! The prindistinct. For several hours, on board our friman of us, under the influence of a feverish hallucination, could follow, with our own eyes, steamer that happened to be at hand, in order that the ocean seemed willing to restore to us foun the depths of its abvases. The night falls | the water into the seat of the fire, as the con without a twilight under the tropics; and day was just declining when the Archimedes arri ped in the midst of floating spars, and sent out her boats. All around her were seen men, in motion, and lifting up their hands to Heaven, while a subdued and confused hum of many voices was heard mingling with the splash of the oars. A few seconds more, and we should be embracing our brethren, rescued from certain death. But alse! what an illusion! Our boats got entangled among the thick branches of large trees torn from the neighboring coast, and drawn with the leaves into the counter-currents directed towards the north. Thus vanished this strange vision;

ful mirage had, so to say, evoked from the capable of holding many more than its usual depths of the eccan.

the discovery, by some Prench sailors, near painted windows above the pillars send a soft-Newfoundland, of several specimens of nests built by the fishes of that region. Strange as is not otherwise lighted. The organ is placed may seem the idea of fishes building nests, it is vouched for by Dr. Fleury, chief of the A recess at the farther end railed off and surmedical staff at St. Pierre and Miquelon. These rounded by crimson cushions, forms the channeets are usually found attached to the lines thrown out to catch cod fish, from depths of about 60 yards. The diameters of these nests vary from 14 to 7 inches, and their depth from 2 to 24 inches. They are round, and their sides, are rather thick. The creature, whatever it be, builds them by entwining the branches of several aquatic polypi, such as the sertularia, cellaria, catanicella, Ac., among which are enlaced numerous shells of th myfilus borealis, with an immense quantity of the spawn of that species. Aristotle tells us that there are fish endowed with the instinct of building bests among the marine alga-Pliny, says that the phycia, (a fish unknown to is the only one that builds nests in the seawerd, and lays its spawn therein. Ovid also alludes to this fish. Gesner thinks that get all the merriment they can out of the short the fish thus alluded to is the whiting, and states that Bishop Pelicier, of Montpellier, had een both gudgeon and hippocampus spawn amidst the algre. Now all Newfoundland aflors know the whiting, or caplan, and await its arrival to begin fishing for cod : it spawns among the banks there, and it is therefore not mpossible that this little fish may be the builder of these nests. M. Normann has resently announced that nests are built in the Black Sea; so that we may conclude that there are three or four species of fish possess ing this wonderful instinct. The Gaste Actuleutus, a small sweet-water fish, is known to build nexts; and M. Coste, the renowned pisciculturist, has been enabled to witness the fact in the tanks of the College de France, and to publish very accurate drawings of these nests. M. Valenciennes-who has just presented Dr. Fleury's Report to the Academy of Sciences—concluded his communication by stating that he had been told, by the fisher men of the island of Sen Copposite the dange ous point of Penmarck, in Pinisterre,) that lobsters, which always keep at a great depth. ometimes exceeding 75 fathoms, build very

neat nests for their young. Fishes, their habits, and the means for en uring their propagation on a very large scale, are rather the order of the day just now. The fish-growing business is every year assuming larger proportions in this country; and M. Coste, of the Institute, and the head and chief of the fish-raising now so extensively carried on here by the French Government, has just published, in the Moniteur, a fresh report to the Minister of Marine, on the subject of stock ing with oysters the Bay of Arcachon, an operation with which he was some time ago charged by the Emperor. He describes his latest apparatus for collecting and preserving the spawn of oysters, viz .: -- a sort of float made of branches of trees, and by means of which so great a change has been effected in various bays along the coast, thanks to various improvements in this apparatus, effected by Drs. Salanne and Salesque. The apparatus now forms a sort of covered box, or vase, so constructed as to collect, at spots where oysters congregate, the greater part of the spawn, and prevent its being carried away by the current. The sides of these boxes are covered with a mixture of tar and fragments of shells and pebbles, so as to form a rough surface to which the spawn can easily adhere, and from which, on the mixture being dried, it can be easily removed. By means of these improvements the spawn is kept from perturbations in the water, and allows of the embryo oysters being more frequently examined, and more easily removed. When the operation is to be carried on upon a very large scale, small branche of trees are introduced into the boxes. By means of the new arrangements, it has been found possible to collect as many as 100,000 fewer than 1,000,000 oysters can be obtained in the space of a hectare (two acres and a half.) As that number of oysters, when fit for sale, 25,000 francs, M. Coste calculates that the Bay of Arcachon may be made to produce a revenue cellent as the new apparatus is, M. Coste proposes that, in addition to its use, certain parts collect whatever spawn may escape the boxes. He also proposes to establish in the hav what "School-Farms," the object of which

Before quitting the subject of the sea and announcement. But our emotion was raised its wonders, I must find room to mention the to the very highest pitch when, instead of a odd announcement, just made by some of the dismasted vessel, we descried a raft laden with | German journals, to the effect that a company cipal seat of the fire of that volcano gate, the captain, officers and sailors, every posed to be situated several thousand feet by low the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which should carry the waters of the sea into the the details of this indescribable scene. Admiral crater, the fire, the company supposes, would Desforces, who was then in command of the be completely extinguished, and the operation Indian station, hastily ordered out the first which would cost only two millions of france would restore to cultivation land of ten time to hasten to the resone of these living waifs that value. As to any possible risk of steam explosion, granting the possibility of getting motion would take place under the sea, it is probably thought that the fishes will be the

ufferers therefrom. But I must hasten back from this long salt water-ramble to terra firma, and to that portion of it whence these lines are now being addressed to you, in order to convey to your readers my impression of the renowned and everend individual who is now in this city, and preaching, twice a day, for the few days of his stay, in the American and other Protestant

chapels.
On Tuesday evening last, then, Mr. Spurgeon preached, for the first time, in the American Episcopal Chapel of the Rue de Berri, near the top of the Champs Elysces. The building is an thus disappeared the last hope which a deceit- exceedingly pretty one; not very large, though

each side are six pillars of Certainly, "those who go down to the the free-stone of which the church is built, see in ships" behold wonders. Among other with tastefully ornamented capitals, supportcurious things connected with the sea, is ing pointed Gothic arches. A row of small ened light into the body of the church which over the entrance, there being no other gallery cel, and contains the pulpit above and the communion-table below. The pulpit and chancel are of carved oak, crimson velvet; and the aisles are carpeted in the same color. The extreme neatness, simplicity, and good taste which have presided over every detail of this building, are worthy of all praise. Everything about it is simple, handsome, and well com-bined; the contrast between the rich hues of the carved oak, crimson fittings, and pale, creamy hue of the stone walls and pillars, is

most agreeable to the eye. Mr. Spurgeon is young, exceedingly short and thick with a low and not broad forehead. dark eyes and hair, the latter evidently not unacquainted with pomatum, and full cheeks, in fact, a generally puffy-looking young man. He wears very high collars, partly, it may be to dissimulate the exceeding breadth of the the lower part of his face, and a tie of consummate whiteness and precision. For the rest, an irreproachable suit of sable broadcloth.

Seen in profile, his nose is almost hidden by his cheeks; seen in front, his mouth is shaped like that of a rabbit, opening upwards, as were, and showing very white teeth.

The moment he begins to speak, you per ceive the secret of his power. He has one of the richest, fullest, and most magnificent voices ft is possible to hear; deep, round, sonorous, full that even when he roars, (as he oc casionally does) as though like the priests of Baal, he thought his god were sleeping, and makes every nerve in your head tingle with the sound, he never seems to get to the end of it; it is rich, full, round, to the farthest ex treme to which he draws upon it. He expounded at great length a very long Psalm, and preached a very long sermon; besides making two prayers, and reading three hymns. His bodily strength is evidently prodigious; for he speaks almost incessantly from the time he gets into the pulpit, and moves about, and gesticulates a great deal. His language is that of a tolerably well-educated man, possessing much finency, and plenty of common-place images and illustrations. There is much talent and readiness, but not a trace of anything intellectually higher in his utterances; no fire, no inspiration, in short, not the faintest indication of genius! He speaks with great vigor, and an appearance of fervency which his admirers regard as evidence of the most profound sinerity; to others this seeming fervor may possibly seem of doubtful alloy. He is evidently one who would be at home amidst the excitement of an American "camp-meeting" or an Irish "revival." Indeed, several allusions he made to the way in which "the Lord's peo-ple" are moved to "lift up their voices" on such occasions, showed plainly that his sym pathies tended pretty strongly in that direction He evidently has faith in noise, spasmodic emotions, and outbursts. When the congregation had sung the first verse of the first hymn, he broke in upon them by declaring that they had "sung very fain'ly and coolly," and begged them to try and emulate Whitfield's followers, who, when they "praised the Lord

made the welkin ring."

thing the preacher favored his hearers with that evening.

The collection, made at the friendly sugges-Rev. Dr. Prentiss, the pastor, was offered to Mr. Spurgeon in aid of the efforts he s now making to erect, in London, a building apable of containing 10,000 persons. thousand pounds have been subscribed already to this end, but ten thousand more are needed. OUTANTHM

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

York, March 4.—The Cunard mail Africa arrived to-day, with Liverpool lates to the 18th ult.

dates to the 18th uit.

Lord Granville announced in the House of Lords that France will take no action in relation to the annexation of Savov, without consulting the Great Powers of Europe, and obtaining the consent of the inhabitants of the territory most interested.

The attention of the people of England is concentrated on the budget, recently submitted by Mr. Glaststone. Meetings in relation to it are held in all directions, some of which are in favor, and others opposed to it. The Conservatives show increasing hostility to both the budget and the commercial treaty.

budget and the commercial treaty It is denied that Austria has as yet replied o the English proposition on the Italian ques-ion. It is reported that Russia rejects the pro-

sitions.

The land forces of the British army are fixed by the army estimates at 143,000, being an increase of nearly 6,500. This is an addition to the East Indian army, which numbers 92,000.

The new Whitworth gun has been tried with

ting a commercial treaty similar to that with England.

M. Thouvenal's circular to the French diplo-

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M. Thousenal's circular to the late Encyclical letter of the Pope, is published, and has attracted attention. It apparently convicts the Pope of improperly using his spiritual office for political purposes.

A new Roman hom has been negotiated with Relation contains. Nine hundred Bayarian.

A new Roman noan has been negetiated with Belgian capitalists. Nice hundred Bavarian enlisted for the Papal army had arrived at An-cona, and more were expected. A large number of political prisoners from Venetia are being sent to Sclavonia and clas-

A large quantity of arms had been seized by Austria while on the way to Servia, through her territory.

The first Chamber of Prussia has discussed
the Government Matrimonial Law, and rejected
the civil marriage in every form.

LIVERPOOL, February 17.—Cotton is quiet and market steady. Some of the circulars quote a decline on inferior qualities of jd. Some disappointment is expressed at the magnitude of the shipment from the Southern ports, but it has no perceptible influence on prices. At sea there is 250,000 halo and market and the same time last year. The Manchester market closed strong, and with much confidence in the future stability of prices.

prices.

NATE OF THADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable, the market for goods and yaras closing quiet and steady.

Breadstaffs are duil. Flour difficult to sell. Provisions firm. Rice dull. Rosin steady. Turpen.

#### POLITICAL NEWS.

Time Changen.—The Republican National emmittee has changed the time for the meet-g of the Chicago Convention to the 16th of Committee has charing of the Chicago

ng of the Chicago Control of the Con-may next.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Democratic State Con-rention, after several unsuccessful ballotings, nominated Henry D. Poster, of Westmoreland, for Governor, by acclamation.

Messrs. Bigler, Dawson, Vaux and Keim were chosen Senatorial Delegates to Charles-ment the Belogates from each District gives

were chosen Senatorial Delegates to Charles-ton, and the Delegates from each District given power to choose the District Delegates. The third resolution declares that in the opinion of this Convention, Congress

right or power to legislate on the subject of slavery in the territories.

The fourth declares that the question as to

The fourth declares that the question as to the right of citizens to hold slaves in the teritories is a judicial question, and not legislative, and that its decision is committed exclusively to the courts.

The fifth declares that the whole power that belongs to Congress is to legislate and enact laws; the duty of the Executive is to execute them within the jurisdiction of the Constitution, but it belongs to the Judiciary to interpret them, and their decision is final and conclusive, and should be cheerfully acquiesced in. Any other course must lead to anarchy and confusion.

and confusion.

Sixth—That the doctrine of an irrepressible
conflict between the North and the South is
fraught with danger to the best interests and
dearest rights of the people of the Confedeventh-That the Union of the States is

Seventh—That the Union of the states as above and beyond all price, and that it is the duty of every patriot to frown indignantly upon the first dawning of any attempt to allen-ate one portion of the Union from the rest. ate one portion of the Union from the rest. Eleventh—That we regard the domestic and foreign policy of President Buchanan as emi-

nently patriotic, pure, conservative and just; and look upon the success that has crowned

and look upon the success that has crowned his labors as the best and proudest vindication of their propriety and wisdom.

The other resolutions endorse Gov. Packer's last Message, advocate protection for the iron, coal, wool and other great scaples of the coun-try, based on the necessities of a reasonable revenue system for the General Government, &c., &c.

Missoun,—The Opposition State Convention

Missorm.—The Opposition State Convention ominated Hon. Edward Bates for the Presi-

dency.

Onto.—The Republican State Convention re-solved that Salmon P. Chase is the first choice of the party in Ohio for the Presidency. Cosousses.—Ex-Governor Ford has been again declared elected Printer to the House by 2 ma-

followers, who, when they "praised the Lord, made the welkin ring."

On the occasion in question, Mr. Spurgeon did not give way to the eccentricities in which he so often indulges in London, as when, for instance, not long ago, in order to illustrate the ease of going wrong, he left the pulpit, threw one leg over the balusters, and slid down to the bottom, (his weight naturally carrying him down in splendid style), and then, to show how hard it is to get up-hill again to virtue, pulled himself (and a laborious feat it must have been) by main force, up again to the top. But a certain vulgarity of tone, and of thought, and tendency to express himself by the most common-place and appectic metaphors, with a touch of the burlesque towards the end, showed that he might very well fall into that vein, as when he advised those who were tormented by evil thoughts to serve them as they did vagrants, in old times, in England, viz.: "whip them at the cart-tail, and send them back to, their own parish; so I say to you, my beloved brethren," he added, "when these evil thoughts creep into your mind, whip them at the cart-tail, and send them to the place from which they came, to Satan!"

Very good advice; and much the best thing the preacher favored his hearer with the correct of the expression for the preacher favored his hearer with the greatest frequent. The clergy-man and the covery and after a short conversation she made such a request. The clergy-man and the mother of the invalid kenlt down, and a fervent and earnest prayer was offered up in her behalf. The mother says that before the minister prayed the body of her daughter was cold as marble, and at the close of the exhoration she perspired freely. Miss James devents on the chalf, the preacher favored his hearer with SINGULAR RECOVERY. - The New Bedford standard relates the circumstances of the very Very good advice; and much the best hing the preacher favored his hearers with scribes her sensations during the prayer as sumilar to those of a person receiving a gal-vanic shock. That night she passed comfort-ably, and in the morning arose and dressed herself without assistance, and on the follow-ing Sabbath attended church. She is now en-joying the best of health and relishes the heartiest food.

No Beards .- Dr. Haves states that he never No Bearss—Dr. Hayes states that he never saw but one Esquimsux with a beard—the ex-ception to the general rule was an old man with hairs upon his upper lip and chin, which were silvered with age. The faces of all the others of the tribe were as innocent of hair as a we-man's. The beards of Dr. Kane's party excited great curiosity and admiration among the na-tive residents of the Arctic regions.

BOARD OF HEALTH. -The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 2 Adults 97, and children 109.

> THE PRETTY PURITAN. Of what persuadon is Miss G \*\*\*
> Demanded once a grave polemic She is so handsome that to me She seems," said I, "an E ... Angelic."

A CONNON ORNAMENT. -" Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house," "Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other; "pape's going to get a mortgage on ours."

About the only person not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

We are often told to moderate our grief The new withworth gun has been tried with a stounding success, surpassing in range and accuracy the Armstrong gun.

It is said that the French Government has entered into relations with Prussia as a member of the Zollverein, with the view of negotiafor the loss of those toward whom it would have been called cold-hearted even to have talked of moderating our love; and yet one is r to that with

egotiated with red Bavariane arrived at Aneen seized by

and rejected is quote a description of the shipment of the shipment of the shipment of the same time closed strong, re stability of

er advices are to sell. Pro. dy. Turpes. n National or the meet-the 16th of

State Con-ballotings, stmoreland, and Keim to Charles-strict given tes. hat in the vess has no bject of sla-

in the ter-not legisla-tted exclupower that and enact to execute Constitu-y to inter-and con-acquiesced to anarchy

Packer's the iron, the coun-asonable ernment,

nvention ne Presintion re-

Bedford the very a long ich was abject of though he connothing she lost

ighter he ex-les de-ver as a gal-infort-ressed ollow-

еу,''

French diple.
Late Encyclished, and has
ly convicts the
ritual office for

Mr. Boteler, of Va., in a recent speech, re lated the following interesting incident of the Revolutionary era :-"When, sir, I have heard the name of a gen-

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

tleman called here, day after day, first on the roll—a great historic name, (Mr. Adams)—I have been reminded of Massachusetts in her prouder day, in the heroic age of the Republic. I have been reminded of a historical incident connected with the county in which I livethat county selected by John Brown for his bloody raid, and feel that I have a right to appeal to the Massachusetts delegation here, if they are not deaf to the voice of consanguinitry, and if they are, I appeal from them to their people on this question; I demand of them to come up to the rescue of the country now as they did in the good old times of their Revolutionary fathers.
"The district which I represent and the

county where I live-that county made famous by the raid of Brown—was the first, the very first in all the South to send succor to Massachusetts in the time of her direct necessity! In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful county, within rifle shot of my residence, at the base of a hill, where a glorious spring leaps ou into sunlight from beneath the gnaried roots of a thunder riven oak, there as-sembled on the 10th of July, 1775, the very first band of Southern men who marched to the aid of Massachusetts. They met there then, and their rallying cry was, 'A bee-line for Boston.' That beautiful and peaceful valley—the 'Valley of the Shenandoah'—had never been polluted by the footsteps of a fee; for even the Indians themselves had, according to tradition, kept it free from the incursion of their enemies kept it free from the incursion of their enemies.

It was the hunting range and neutral ground of the aborigines. The homes of those who lived there then were far beyond the reach of danger. But Boston was beleaguered! The hearths of your fathers were threatened with pollution, and the fathers of those whom I represent rallied to their pretection.

"They left the ploughshare in the mould. Their flocks and herds without a fold. The sickle in the unshorn grain, Their corn half-garnered on the plain. And mustered in their simple dress, For wrongs of yours to seek redress.

"Thus they mustered around the spring I speak of, and from thence they made their bee-line for Boston.' Before they marched, they made a pledge that all who survived would assemble there fifty years after that day. It is my pride and pleasure to remember that I, though but a child then, was present at the spring when the fifty years rolled round. Three aged, feeble, tottering men—the survivors of that glorious band of one hundred and twenty—were all who were left to keep their tryst, and be faithful to the pledge made fifty years before to their companions, the bones of most whom had been left bleaching on your Northern hills.

"Sir, I have often heard from the last survivor of that band of partiots the incidents of their first meeting and their march; how they made some six hundred miles in thirty days—twenty miles a day—and how, as they neared

twenty miles a day—and how, as they neared their point of destination, Washington, who happened to be making a reconnoisance in the neighborhood, saw them approaching, and, re-cognizing the linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts of Old Virginia, galloped up to meet and greet them to the camp; how, when he saw their captain, his old companion in arms, Stephen-son, who had stood by his side at the Great Meadows, on Braddock's fatal field, and in many an Indian campaign—who reported him-self to his commander as 'from the right bank of the Potomac'—he sprang from his horse and clasped his old friend and companion in arms with both hands. He spoke no word of welcome; but the eloquence of silence told what his tongue could not articulate. He moved along the ranks, shaking the hand of each, from man to man, and all the while, as my informer told me, the big tears were seen rolling down his cheeks.

"Ay, sir, Washington wept! And why did the glorous soul of Washington swell with emotion? Why did he weep? Sir, they were tears of joy! and he wept because he saw that the cause of Massachusetts was practically the cause of Virginia; because he saw that her citizens recognized the great principles involved in the contest. These Virginia volunteers had come spontaneously. They had come in response to the words of her Henry, that were leaping like live thunder through the land, telling the people of Virginia that they must fight, and fight for Massachusetts.'

The above incident has been recently put into verse as follows, by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigour-

#### AN INCIDENT OF 1775.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY

A gathering in Virginia's vales, Mid summer's velvet green Where fair Potomac sparkling flows Its fringed banks between : For echoes from New England's hills

Of strife and danger can And Henry's eloquence had stirred Men's souls like living flame Then from the throng, with patriot real.

Stood forth a noble band, Twice sixty dauntless volunteers Enlisted heart and hand ; Theirs was no prompting thirst of fame

Of glittering gold no greed, For Massachusetts " was the cry. " For Boston " in their need.

And each to each a sacred vow Made mid the parting pain

When fifty years away had sped To seek that spot again; Those that the shaft of Death might spare, Beneath you oak tree's shade

Should meet beside the diamond spring Such solemn tryste they made. Oh, there was sorrow 'neath the roof

Of many a household tent. And burning tears fell thick and fast When from their homes they went. But to their little ones they said

And bade them well take heed, To help their brothers' need "

Hundreds of miles, o'er rock and stone Through forests thorny breast,
O'or bridgeless streams, o'er trackless wilds,
With patient toil they pressed. While ever in their secret souls Gleamed an unfaltering creed, Like pole-star of their weary course,

" To help our brothers' and "

The king of men, oppressed with care, Rode forth at closing day, Rode forth at closing day,
And saw Virginia's armed host
Approach in firm array,
And knew the bearing of their chief,
Who, on the fatal plain,
Had fought with him by Braddock's side
When blood fell down like rain.

Then, leaping from his lofty steed, He clasped him to his breast, And, one by one, each soldier's hand With greeting fervor pressed. Why was the eye of Washington Suffused with gushing tear?
Why heaved that hero's heart so high

That never throbbed with fear ' He read God's blessing in the love He marked the triumph through the gloom That wrapped an infant land; Perchance, with his prophetic glance, Who erst on Nebo stood, Beheld a glorious realm unfold

Years rolled away, and lustrums fled, And half a century closed Its cycle, and, with swan-like dirge, Mid ages past reposed; Potomae's veterans drew Where, by the oak-tree's gnaried roots, The spring fresh crystals threw.

They came-but not twice sixty men, In martial vigor bold;
For some their bleaching bones had laid
On Northern hillocks cold. They came. Who came? Three aged forms By time and changes bow'd; Yet was no winter in their heart, Though snows their temples shroud

For power and wealth and honor blest The Country of their birth.
Who proudly reared her starry crest Among the Queens of Earth;
And warmly rose their patriot prayer
That long her sacred Ark,
Immaculate, and angel-steer'd, Might ride the billows dark.

neglects or refuses to furnish her with such necessaries.

34. If the wife voluntarily deserted and abandoned the husband, and persists therein, without good cause, the defendant is not liable for debts for necessaries, or otherwise.

4th. The defendant is not liable for the debts of the wife for any purpose, unless his assent appears by express evidence or by proof of facts and circumstances from which it may be reasonably inferred.

The jury found for the defendant. The verdict goes to show that if a woman voluntarily separates from her husband, and leaves his house, he is not responsible for her debts, even though they be incurred for the common necessaries of life.

#### THE STOCK MARKET. CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

No. i	39 S	outi	Third Street.		
The following w	ere t	he o	losing quotations fo	r Mi	ocks
on Saturday last.	The	mar	ket closing steady :-	-	
Hud		ked.	Red		ked
LOANS.		. 0.544	RAILROAD ST	OC	KH
1 Sepret, 18 6			AND LOAD	N 29.	
'62	109	-	Pennsy vanta KR	***	1001
11 11 16	2400	-	and mort bonds	89	90
" 5 " coupen '74	a 1024	-	stock	500	31
Philasprot, old	1017	102	Cam & Amboy a p	1	
ng u new	2041	103	et bonds. ::::4	126	95
Pitta 6 pr et.	7	100		144	141
Pitts 6 pr et.	40	-00	ot bonds, '70	100	Str.
All'sy City 6 pr et	65	75	mort 6's '44	704	93
R R insue	44	50	stock	201	714
Penn 6 pr ot	1102	200	Lohich Valley R I		4.4
	19.23	93	mort 6 pr et	0.05	90
Tenn 6 " coupers	91 4	92	Stock	42	44
Kentucky 6 pr ct	774	1041	Phil, Wil & Balt	50	36
Minnour:	1011 4		stock 6 pr et loan, 'e0 Ches Val R R, '73 Tioza R R, '75	951	360
Chica " IRR	100	1405	Ches Val R R. '73	364	340
N Carolina 5 pr of	1861	90)	Tiora R R 75	-	85
Virginia of	971		Taiel mort	-	16
Ind State 5 pr et Cal State 7 pr et			2md **	114	19
new bonds	.94	94	stock	1	34
N V City, 872-5 BANK STOCK	1 6	116	Catawinas	- 6	1
PHILADELPH	M. A	0.	Beaver Mondow	En.	89
North America	130	-	preferred 10 pr nt		100
Pailadelphia Far & Mec	119	120	North Fenn's H R		
Far & Mec	561	977	stock	9	94
Commercial N Laberty	49	50	6 pr ct loan	671	66
Mechanics	264	37	Phil Ger & Nor Ri	514	52
Southwark	69	4000	6 protlogn	(99	1024
P Township	35	354	Minehill H M	971	548
Kennington	64	65	Har & Lan R R	57	58
Western	64	_	bonds '83	90	(90)
Man & Mec	26	27	L. Schuylkill R R.	-	
Commerce	40%	70	*tock		16
Tradesman's	621	_	Long Island R R	111	114
Consolidation	23	_	etock bonde	63	8.5
Commonwealth	2614	.77	Ene R R stock	-	-
Corn Exchange	201	April 1	Hudson River N. R.	800	986
Germantown	-000	38	N Y Central	808	
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	540	100	M chigan Central	474 575	418
Exchange Kentucky, Ky	120	-	Mich gan Southern	178	_
Northern	129	mate	CANAL STOCK	A A	ND
Loneville "	125	-	LOANS.		
Farmers Union. Nash, Tenn	856	87	Sch'll Nav 6 pr ot loan, '82		71
Planters "	825	109	loan, '82	776	79
Planters N O Gas Light Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	160	100	imp, 6 prot	7	7.
Com & R R Bank,			preferred	164	168
Vickeburg	7	79	Lehigh Nev stock	511	hg
	231	-	mort 6 pr et	100	101
Lehigh Zine	201		Morris Consol'd	6 1	52
New Creek	-		Ches & Del	1004	110
New Grenada	-		Ches & Del	40	10/01
N America Ins'ce	16	17	bonds	77	-
N Liberties Gas Southwark and	con	304	Union bonds	-	26
Frankford R R	50	51	Sus & Tidewater	28	3
Bonds	85	W7	bonds, 1878	27	29

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS. The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week mounted to 2200 head. The rates were from 7 to 10 Feb. he latter only for a few lots of extra ead. Sheep—8000 head arrived, and sold at from to 5 jc % fb, equal to 106411c dressed. Cows. 5 head were at market, and selling at from \$25 to

ket, and sold at \$7; to 8; \$2.100 ms net, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 3.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour has advanced be; 7000 bbts sold, State \$5,20(\$5,25,0) his \$5,95(\$6,10. Southern \$6,10(\$65,70. Wheat is also higher, 10,000 has sold at leadvance. Chicago to slow prince the sold at leadvance chicago to sold steady and the sold at leady and the sold at leady representations of the sold at leady rates, with a moderate business only to note in leaf and manufactured.

WOOL.—There is very little movement in the market, and no important changes to note among Spring Wheat 121c. Corn firm Provisions dull.

Whiskey steady.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

#### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS. PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour is firm, but the demand has been only moderate, the high views of most holders checking business, sales reach some 7500 bbls, in lots, at \$3,681695.75 for superfine. \$666,612 for extras, and \$2,2566.75 for extra family, as in quality, the market closing firm but quiet at the above rates, and our lowest figures were generally refused for standard superfine, which is comparatively scarce; the receipts, however, show an increase over those of last week. The trade have been buying to a fair extent within the above range of price for superfine and extras, and \$766,75 b bbl for fancy lots, the latter for premium Flour. Rye Flour is steady, with a small business doing at \$4.25. Corn Meal has slightly declined, and 500 bbls Fenna sold at \$3,50 bblb. GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continues light,

bbl for fancy lots, the latter for premium Flour. Rye Flour is steady, with a small business doing at \$4,25. Corn Meal has elightly declined, and 500 bbls Penna sold at \$3,50 \$6 bbl.

(RAIN—The receipts of Wheat continues light, and, with a moderate demand for milling, holders have put up their prices \$3,64 \$6 bbs this week, sales include about \$12,000 bus in lots, at \$1,37\$ for white—the latter for choice Western, in store. Rye comes forward slowly, and Fennaylvania finds ready sale at \$20. Corn has been neglected and dull, and holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a further slight decline; the receipts are moderate, and about \$2,000 bus yellow sold at 70.66

726 for damp, and 73,6675c for prime dry bots, in store and afoat, including white at 72c. Oats are unchanged, and some \$10,000 bus found buyers at 44c for Pennaylvania, 43c for Jersey, and 42jc for Delaware. Barley is selling moderately, within the range of 80,685c. Barley Mait meets with a fair demand, and further sales are reported at \$3c.

PROVISIONS—The market for articles under this head has been quiet this week, with rather more disposition, at the close, on the part of some holders, to realize. Mees Pork has been selling partly at \$183,6182, and partly on terms kept private. Prime is quoted at \$13 for old and \$15 for new. Of Beef, we note sales of 200 bbls Beef Hams at \$17, and some Western Mess at \$10 y bbl. City do is taken as wanted for ship stores, at \$13,66 15 \$2 bbl. Bacom moves slowly, in lots, part to ge South, at 104,66 to get for Shoulders in sait, chiefly on time. Of Lard the sales have been moderate at \$11,66 \$11,6 ml. for prime. Cheese is reliefly at the sales have been moderate at \$1,60 \$11,6 to let re rules dull, solid packed selling at 10,60 He, and roll at 146,6 He, the latter for prime. Cheese is reliefly at quiet at 19,60 He, as to lots. Eggs are selling at 16c 66 doz.

COTTON—The market for the hayers.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Querciton, and but tittle arriving, and §5 No 1. If here woust re

BEESWAX is firm, and further sales of Yellow it 36a ½ h.

COAL—There is some little doing to go Bast, but orders come in slowly. Schaylkill W Ash, Lump, ½ ton, ¾ 3,5 Prepared do, ¾ 3,50, Bed Ash do, ¾ 5,50 (63,60). Prepared do, ¾ 6,50 (63,60). Prep

doing.

FEATHERS—The demand is limited and prices about the same: small sales of good Western at 46 (6448c 24 lb.

FRUIT is dull, Dried Apples selling in a small way only, at 6 (666)c, Peaches, which are searce, 8 (6) 12c for unpared and 14 (6) 16c for pared. Nothing doing in Cranberries or Green Apples, and the latter same.

100 bz.

LEATHER continues dull.

LIMBER—Trade has not opened yet, and we are only advised of sales of Susquehanna white pine boards at \$14.66 lb, some shipping boards at \$11, and laths in lots at \$2.2 km.

MOLASSES is arriving more freely, and the market is dull, sales include about 500 bhos Cuba at 24/46,27c for clayed, and 36/66/32c for Muscovado; some small lots of N Orleans are also reported at 46/66/48c, all on time.

at 46 fg.48c, all on time.

PLASTER—An import of soft sold on terms we did not learn—said to be at an advance.

SEEDS—There is not much demand for Clover-seed, but some 4000 bash have changed hands, after from \$41 up to \$5 for common to good and choice lots, mostly at \$41 (694), which is a further decline, including about 1000 bags from second hands, on terms kept private. Timothy is scarce, with further small receipts and sales at \$31 (6,31) \$2 bush, as in quality, there is very little offering. Domestic Flaxesed also continues scarce, and small sales at \$1,60 \$2 bush. A sale of Canary Seed was made at a private bargain. at a private bargain.

at a private bargain.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, and the former is held with more firmness. N E Rum is selling at 3569,38c. Whitskey has been dull this week, but without change to note, bbls selling at 23;60,24;c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, Drudge 22c, and blads 22c; and blads 22c; and blads 22c; and blads arriving more freely, and buyers are holding off; the sales include about 600 hhds New Orleans at 7c, and 5000.

holding off; the sales include about our holds New Orleans at 7c, sec. 200 holds Cub at 7c, and 500 bags Brazil at 7[c, all on the usual credit, the mar ket closing dull. TALLOW is firmer, and sales of City Rendered are reported at 11c [8 fb. There is not much offer

#### MARRIAGES.

OF Marriage notices must always be assem-

At Friends' meeting house, Frankford, 16th of second mouth, William Carrayran, of Manington, Salem county, N. J. to Prakan O. Wannan, danghter of Robt. Warren, of Bartington, N. J. In this city, by Ald. Wm. P. Hibberd, on the 26th of Feb. Thomas Marnan, of Dadsor, Del. county, to Hannan Ann, eldest daughter of Chas. Barr, of Newtown, Del. county, Pa.

In Detroit, Michigan, Friday, 24th ultimo, by the Right Rev. B. A. McCockey, D. D. H. W. Smirs, of Monroe, Mich. to Miss Louisa E. Thompson, of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Lorin J. Gillburn, to Mrs. Many J. Ghind, both of this city
On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Henry M. Stunct, Rector of All Saints' Church, Jonn Taylon, to Canolina W. Bidding, by the Rev. Carbonia papers please copy.

On the 14th of Sept. 1839, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. Charlins Barten, to Miss Labrella

#### DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accom-panied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultime, Mr. John Rhdstrakk, in his 74th year.
On the 28th ultime, James Wills, in his 62d year.
On Tuesday, the 28th ultime, Thomas L. Hilldeneum, in his 23th year.
On South-day, 28th ultime, Ann. wife of the late Jon. Tretter, in her 73d year.
At Milton, Pa. on the morning of the 17th ultime, after a lingering and painful illness. Mrs. Sanan Munnay Wills, wife of the Rev. W. T. Wylie, of that place, and daughter of L. Johnson, Eq. of this city.

that place, and daughter of L. Johnson, Esq. of this city.
On the 25th ultime, of paralysis, Mr. Jas. Lus.
Lin, in his 68th year.
On the 25th ultime, Jann G. Redans, daughter of Samuel and Anne Rhoads.
On the 25th ultime, Jann Kinnpatrice, Sr. aged 68 years.
On the morning of the 27th ultime, Mrs. Janns B. Jennins, daughter of the late Jacob Keck.
On the morning of the 25th ultime, Alice Han-Lan, in her 62d year.
At Chester Springs, Chester county, on the morning of the 25th ultime, Jans in his 71st year.

#### BANK NOTE LIST. BY WITHERS A PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street. Philadelphia, March 3, 1860. No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 3, 1860.

PRESENTATION AND BALLERY
Solv bke part to \$\frac{1}{2}\$ dis New Jensey.

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THROAT PLAGEE AND SORE

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By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated by J. D.
Harding, Birket Foster, Ac.
The number for January also contains the following three Magnificent Steel Engravings:
1.—UNA. Engraved by P. Lightfoot, from the
Picture by W. E. Frost, A. R. A., in the Royal
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Collection at Oshorne.

2.—THE LADY CONSTANCE. Engraved by T. Vernen, from the Picture by Winterhalter, in the Royal Collection at Oshorne.

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# Wit and humor.

#### "HOW'S MY AUNT?"

BY DYDNEY SORKLL.

(Sydney Debell has written a poom, admired by some people, called "How's My Boy !" One come

How's my boy-my boy? And unless you let me know I'll say you are no sailor-Blue jacket or no. Anchor and crown or no Sure his ship was the july Briton !"

Another writer has written a poem for the Boston Past called "How's My Aunt" which we sub-

"Ho! conductor of the train How's my west-my aunt What's your aust's name, good sir ' And the date of the train I want. My aunt Jane

Who came in the care this morn What care I for the rest

What's the use of being conductor If you don't know my aunt! You might as well be a lot Baiting your traps at Nahant. Every fool on the early train Ought to have known my anat

Who's responsible for her Tell me, conductor speak Or I'll have you in jail to marrow Conductor, badges or no, I'll have you in jail to morrow

Why should I speak low, conductor About mine own aunt Jane Conductor, retire To sereech it all over the train Why should I speak low, conductor?"
"There's been a 'emash-up' in the train

"I'll show you just where we were wrecked By the bank there just under the wall You may have the luck to detect, Mid the fragments, some bits of your aunt There e an old parasol, with the silk all torn off-Two boxes of pillo and a mixture for congh-One leg half an ear an old shawl It's just possible those are your aunt

What care I for a smash in the train It is not the smash I want, I'll have auntie! alive or dead. Without any legs, or without any head You have her, that's plain, I say, how's my sunt Every one in the train was erashed Mineral ' mangled ' mushed How's my aunt my aunt What care I for the rest, conductor 'I'm not these nephew' Neither are any of them her niceas How a my auni - my sant "

How's my aunt my aunt?

## MARRYING A FORTUNE.

No young man of thirty, well educated, eing, with already a fair literary and entific reputation, ever had a brighter promise in life than my old college friend, Dan But Dan was poor, and he had found out that brain work was not over profitable. He had worked hard in his profession for three years, and lived conomically, yet he had not succeeded in getting that one thousand dollars ahead which Aster found it so difficult to acquire, and which he called the "nost egg of Dan grew gloomy over his prospects and solitary in his habits, and altogether waste your life in drudgery! you, so young and dashing, and altogether so proper a fellow and likely withal to marry a fortune! Marry a fortune, Dan, and out physic!" The suggestion took, and Dan waited impatiently for the season to open at Saratoga, and thither he mony. I need not say how he really got in leve with one fair young girl without a fortune nor how he managed, toward the cool days of September to secure an ugly old girl with a fo tune. It is true, in marrying her he married the other, and the widowed mother also, older and uglier than all; but then they owned a thousand niggers between them, somwhere down in Alabama, and had plantations to match. The wedding was grand, I can't say gay, and Dan was triumphant, but I can't pay gers and the plantations. That was ton years ago. Last year I met him in Paris; he was no longer dashing Dan, but an old man, quite nervous and felgety. I was glad to see him, nevertheless, and urged him to dine with me at Felipe's. But he excused himself on some ous pretext, which I wouldn't accept Finally the truth came out : he couldn't. The wife, the three old maids, and the mother. of French, and he was obliged to be with them attently. They couldn't get their dinner without his aid. And he had been three years with them on the Continent; they had dragged him to Egypt and to Jerusalem, and Dan drev

"Bot, Dan," I exclaimed, "after all, you cky dog; it isn't every one who mar-

Marry a fortune!" he interrupted, hityou know what it is to marry a fortune! Of course you don't! But I'll tell you to: head butler in-doors, and real estate agent out ! Marry a fortune ! Marry hearts .- Lord Bacon.

#### AMATEUR GYMNASTICS.

A young "Law Student," a min dyspeptic, who was induced to "try" gymna-ties, sends to the Knickerbecker Magazine ne of his "experiences" in that departme of physical science.

'I didn't attempt anything for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India Robber men. I saw great strapping men (new sers) attempt and fail in things which fellows whom they could put in their pockets did with case. I saw feate performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which proved very simple k at, and 'splitters' to try; and then took off my coat and 'went in.' I pulled up the small weights five or six times; I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel hars once or twice. I went home and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning Still I went there the next evening : exercise twice as much as I did before, felt convinced that I was getting along very fast; and lay awake almost all night, my army ached so.

I stayed away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully, became acquainted with a young gentleman who 'knew the ropes,' and, under his guidance, I performed many marvellous feats, and also met with nore mishaps than I believe anybody ever met with before, in the same space of time.

Being long and lean, and naturally awkward, everything I hearned was ushered in with a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for now 'slept like a top,' and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding house. I persevered for two long months, and was still in the full 'tide of successful experiment,' when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour one evening, I found a brilliant assem-blage of beauty, brought together by invitaof the managers, to witness our perfor

"I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my ovil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling : then across and down the other side of the Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence but when I had reached the middle of the horisental part, lecomotion became impossible. I could neither go backward nor forward, but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my feet. I could hold on no longer Abri as the distance wasn't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and down I came perpendicularly-and up I went flying. I had come down on my feet upon the spring

cond was that I had dropped into the mouth of a campbn just as it was going off. I'p I went, like a shuttlecock, almost to the ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual claw,' which threw me out of the perpendicular, and down I came, bang, bang! in a sitting posture; up I went again, gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that, when I dropped again, I was shot in a slant ing direction, head foremost, as from a cata pult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down he went with a 'squelch, and over him I went, like lightning, into the dressing room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a

ONE OF JOR'S COMPOSTERS. - Many anecdotes have lately been published of the celebrated and eccentric Mr. Potter, who, either from want of ability or will, was teldom known to quite young, they will not forget their treatpay his actors, and who, under all circumstances, preserved a calmness and indifference get in that condition of which Satan so well to duns which was highly amusing as well as them into a broad stable where they can be knows how to avail himself; and he tempted astonishing. The following anecdote, though Dan with the suggestion, "What a fool to a stranger to the public generally, is an old acquaintance to actors

One day a member of the company came in tears in his eyes)

"Mr. Potter, I have been with you three months and you have not paid me a cent. I am went when it did open, with all his worldly very poor and deeply in debt for my board, them eat awhile in the yoke. We alth in his pocket-book, determined on mathe will put me in jail."

you know if he puts you in jail you won't

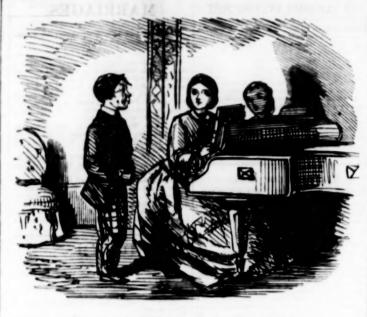
here to pay any board," This must have been exceedingly consoling are completely halter broken.

of our Ike-alluding to the fact in the Cincinnati Independent, that Macaulay was a great talker, relates an anecdote of Worden Pope and John Peck, two worthies, once well knewn in Kentucky, and notorious as great talkers. They were riding on horseback to Bradstone, from the city of Louisville, a dis tance of thirty-five or forty miles. The first half of the journey was accomplished, when the riders dismounted to dine, Per's having or cupied the whole time in one incersant "talk," ot permitting interruption, and his tongue clattering as glibly as a flutter mill. Having dined, their horses were brought out, and as the riders were about to mount. Peck com menced :-" Well, as I was observing-" ven don't," interrupted Pope. " Peck, you've had one half the way, the balance is mine." And true to his word, permitting no interruption, he continued to talk during the rest of their ride. It was jocularly said that Peck was sick for a work after.

"How fortunate beyond all others is the man, who, in order to adjust himself to first. his fate, is not obliged to cast away his whole

preceding life .- Goethe. Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own the horn at first. But soon they will learn to

And Dan buttoned up his coat and strode of ing; it is hard for her to be just .- Arthur



Georgina .- "Well, Gus! and how did you like your party last night?" Grs.-"Oh, jolly !- I got eleven ices, and no end of negus, and went down four tim to supper! !!

# Agricultural.

#### HORN AIL.

POR THE SATURDAY PURNING POST.

In the Post of the 11th February, I see that somebody wants a cure for " Horn Ail." Having cured several cows who were at the last gasp with this disease, I follow the golden rule, and send this recipe to you, which, if you will give it a place in your columns, will certainly, if it is followed, cure that "milky "Horn Ail," or "Hollow Horn," is caused by a slow, wasting fever, and the horns are, as it were, a pulse-which show by their inward wasting the presence of the fever. Cattle without horns are subject to it, as well as those who are possessed of thos ornaments. The horns feeling cold, is not always an indication of its presence; boring with a gimlet is the surest way; it is very well to inject the horns with strong vinegar, but that is not all.

Symptoms-The animal looks rough, stares in its coat, falls off in flesh, and a yellow mat ter collects in the eyes; and the horns, on being bored, emit ne blood.

Treatment-Bleed the animal in the neck rein—the same in which a horse is bled—free cut the skin with a knife, and then stick the quarts, according to age, size and condition, then give from three-quarters to a pound and a half of Glauber or Epsom Salts. If the animal is not very badly off, this will cure it, but if needed, the bleeding and salts may both be repeated. The fever is more easily checked by one large bleeding than by two small ones. Potatoes and pats are the best food during the treatment. When the bowels are cleansed, you may give daily from a half ounce to an ounce of nitre on potatoes. Pus forms in the orns, let them be washed out every day.

Hoping that many many indeed, I am, very respectfully,

A Suscause. Hoping that many may find this cure a cure

#### BREAKING STEERS.

It is very fine sport for the young and athletic to yoke up steers and teach them how to obey. If they are subjected to the yoke when

One good mode of yoking them is to drive caught without difficulty.

Take care and have help enough at first to hold them when you have caught them. Put on a light voke cently, and let them have time great distress to Mr. Potter, and said, (with to learn that it will not hurt them. Let them stand in the voke for hours, and eat hay-not attempting to drive them off as soon as they are fastened together. Handle them and let

> vard. A common cowyard will answer. Fix steer to prevent their running away. For they will make many attempts to do this till they

Drive the steers round and round the vard with the rope in your hand. Pretty soon they will find that if they break away from you they cannot go far. Stop them occasionally and say Whoa" in the plainest language. speak to them to go on before you put the whip or stick on their backs.

You can call them by name and say "Come when you wish them to move forward. It not fair to strike first and speak afterward .--After driving the steers round the yard repeatedly, in the same track, they will learn where to go without your rope, and you can drive m round in the same track as long as you

cise till the steers have perfectly learned the first lesson. Never try to put them forward as fast as some school men do. Don't put them into Latin and Greek before they can read and spell. But when you tire, as you will do before the steers give out, but them back again into the stable and take off the yoke in the gentlest manner. Then you may yoke them on the morrow and drive them

After this breaking you can place them forwent of the old oven and teach them to lead in the highway. You will need your rope on A birch stick, with numerous twigs, will d for a yoke of steers. It is better than a common whip, or a good stick. But a whip handie, with a lash two feet long, will mand the new recruits as well as a rod. This handle of the whip must not be large-and it must never be used, butt-end first, on the

We often see wens on cattle's heads caused by beating with clubs, and club-handled whipstaves. There is not the least need of this harsh treatment when steers have been pro-

Let owners command their own tempers, and require their agents to do the same. Then there will be less trouble in the breaking of steers and oxen.

It is a hard task to teach foreigners how to drive steers, or old exen either. But our young men-our Yankees, are the "boys" to break steers and teach them how to work. Our boys need not all go off to California before they are twenty-one years of age for they owe s thing to parents for bringing them up. At twenty-one they can judge better how to buy a few thousand acres of land-or a mining mountain, than they can at sixteen .- Mass

#### TAN BARK.

POB THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In answer to Mr. T. H. B., of Moundsville, respecting the virtues of 120 para as 8 manure, I would answer, that well rotted Tan Bark is the best dressing for Strawberry beds in the Spring, as it keeps the fruit clean and is free from seed. And for covering the ground from two to three inches around gooseberries there is nothing better, as it will prevent the fruit from mildew. I have tried it for more than ten years without ever having a berry mildew. Fresh tan is good for all the ever greens when put around them in the fall. We find some difficulty in obtaining it in our city though we have four large steam tanneries, (one of them the largest in Ohio, ) as they consume a large amount for fuel. Marietta, Ohio.

#### HOW MUCH HAY FOR THE HORSE?

This is a question which we have seen pro put in a general manner, you might, with as The quantity of hay for the horse must hay! depend on many contingencies—such as the size of the horse, the proportion of oats or other provender which he receives, his general bealth, &c. &c.

A Wisconsin man has sent a communication to the Wisconsin Farmer, on this subject. He says he has had experience in keeping horses. and tried careful experiments in regard to feeding them. He thinks that on an average five pounds at a time, and three feeds per day, equivalent in shorts, is enough for a good sized cut feed as being vastly preferable to any other mode of feeding horses. He also contends that horses so fed, have no cough or heaves, which he believes to be inseparable from feeding with clover or dusty hay, unless it be cut and well dampened.

Those who have tried the method, say that a feed of carrots, say a peck once per day, to horses, will be better than large allowances of oats, or, in other words, a few carrots will be usually given. The reason assigned for this is the following :- Carrots contain an ingredient called Pectic acid, which seld is a great aid to the gastric luices in digesting the food of the of feeding with carrots, both the hav the horse eats and the provender is more easily and more thoroughly digested.

We all know that horses that labor hard. whether in slow or quick draft, must have more concentrated feed than hav, in order to keep up their strength and animation. Still it will not do to feed them wholly on concentra-4ed feed. Their stemachs and digestive organs were made to receive and digest bulky like that of grass, hay, straw, and the like, fore, to insure the best of health, they must have fibrous or bulky matter, to give that distension to their stomachs their nature requires and this, as a matter of course, must depend upon the size of the horse, or on the size o keep the road. A sled path is best for steers stomach and digestive organs. Hence a strict in action. It renders whoever may be its obas it will keep them on the track. And in ly definite answer to the question, how much case of any turbulence on their part, snow hay for a horse? must be answered by each in-is better for the teamster than frozen ground. dividual horse for himself.—Maine Farmer.

the surface of gravel, whether on roads, walks or anywhere else. At the suggestion of my employer we began using it here rather exten sively, four or five years ago, and with the best possible results. Hand-weeding and the still more barbarous system of hoeing are not only tiresome and expensive, but very injurious, always leaving a rough and uncomfortable surface. The salt we use is generally waste from the bacon-curers, which contains a con siderable amount of saltpetre. This is much My 5, 2, 6, is what every male person in more efficacious than the waste from the ware houses. We apply it any time. Whenever a few weeds appear on the walks a man strews it by hand from a wheelbarrow, taking care not to let it come in contact with the edging. On the roads a couple of handy men sow it with their shovels from a cart, afterwards running a light birch broom over it. But generally the hand will be found the best distributor; for if a machine is used all the surface will be served alike, which in our case would be great waste, for we only atrew it where it is wanted as weeds don't spring up now everywhere as they did formerly. Salt is not only useful for clean ing the surface, but also for consolidating the walks; it greatly improves their appearance and renders them far more comfortable for walking. It ought to lie for a few days before it dissolves. One fine day last summer we put a load on a portion of the carriage road; at night we had a thunderstorm, next day the salt was gone without doing any good whatever. Such a case will sometimes happen, but in a general way it may be used with great advan tage and great economy .- London Gardener

SALT FOR WALKS, &c .- Allow me to add my

BLOODY MURRAIN .- I had a two-year old heifer taken with that disease about the close of last August. At first, I supposed the sick ness to be hollow-horn, or dry-murrain-bu soon saw proof unmistakable—large quantities of blood passing off with the urine. Firs of saltpetre and epsom salts, dissolved in chamber ley-about a tablespoonful of saltpetre and two of salts. In about three hours gave a handful of sait mixed with sul phur; in three hours, a dose same as at first, after which I saw no signs of the diseas Since that time, she has been very healthy, and has become exceedingly fat .- Rural New

# Useful Receipts.

REMEDY FOR THE IRREGULARITIES IN THE FLAME or Gas JETS.—Place a piece of silk over the end of the pipe, and screw the burner over it. The silk will last a long time, can be easily replaced, and answers the same purpose as the regulating burners so much in use. COLORING DRAB ON WOOLLEN .- For coloring

drab on woollen, take a teacupful of tea, steep ed in three quarts of boiling water till the strength is obtained, then pour off the water into an iron kettle, and boil your articles in it for a few minutes, air them, put in a small tablespoonful of copperas and boil them in it for a few minutes, then wash thoroughly in soap suds before drying .- Rural New Yorker.

To REMOVE IRON RUST PHON WHITE CLOTH. Take oxalic acid, pulverize it, wet the cloth where the iron rust is, warm it by placing on a thin coating of acid with the handle of a spoon. or some like instrument. In a few minutes the iron rust will disappear, when immediately rinse in clean water. Care should be taken not to let the acid remain too long, and also have it thoroughly rinsed off .- Rural New Yorker.

WATERPROOF VARNISH POR BOOTS.--In answer to your correspondent, I have great pleasure in recommending the following varnish. It is adapted for any kind of leather, will not crack nor adhere when folded, and will be found to answer exceedingly well: -Beeswax, 2oz.; black pitch, loz.; turpenposed in some of the journals of the day. If time, loz.; linseed (or boiled, if possible) oil, 16oz.; asphaltum, loz. Melt, and add dropmuch propriety, ask how much force for the black, 20x, powdered gum acacie, loz., first rubbed down with a little oil. Heat all these over a slow fire for a few minutes, strain through a hair sieve or coarse cloth, and set | and the second is to the third as five is to seven aside for use. It should be applied with a soft brush, and not too thickly, or it will have a by the bins was also filled, and found to contain streaky appearance. Two or more coats will of fifty bushels. Required the diameter and contents course produce a higher polish. The turpen-tine used should be the spirit of turpentine.—

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."-In the afternoon drive them out into a large with twelve quarts of oats per day, or their This line of the "English Burial Service," so far from Scriptural, (as many think) is derived Well, my boy," answered Potter, coolly, a rope or halter on to the horn of the high horse. He considers "a good sized horse" one from a Latin Antiphone, said to have been miles, how many square miles more than one-half that will weigh 1,150 lbs. He recommends composed by Notken, a monk of St. Gall, in of its surface are invisible to a person on the earth A. D. 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinebruck, in peril of the moon would the full-half of it be visible? their lives .- Boston Transcript.

FOOD FOR CELESTIALS.-A Skye terrier.

mer It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty.-Lord Bacon. There are some good men, with such

an invincible, though innocent, personal conceit, that even in the angelic state, one may fancy they would contrive to wear their rays slightly on one side. All bodies, the firmament, the stars.

the earth, kingdoms, are not the equal to the most insignificant spirit; for such a spirit knows all these, and itself; but the body nothing .- Pascal.

A man who was nitched into a gutter where garbage is thrown, describes himself as being in an "offal" condition.

A man who assisted to empty several ottles of wine, afterwards took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed : V-ve-ry sing-lar; wh-whenever water freezes, it alw's freezes with the sl-slippery side up.

It is a sad commentary upon the course of instruction persued in young ladies' schools, that the graduates seldom know how to decline an offer of marriage.

Politeness is the religion of the heart. ject contented and happy under its softening influence. It consists in acts which show their source—the heart.

# The Riddler.

MISCELLANFOUS ENIGMA. WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENIES PORT,

I am composed of 13 letters. My 5, 12, 3, is a French coin. My 8, 1, 7, 13, 11, is to make smooth.

My 13, 3, 1, 10, means of no force. My 8, 10, 3, 5, is an expression for a mathe sign.

world is. My 13, 12, 5, 11, is a part of the face

My 5, 4, 3, 11, is a mathematical term My 13, 4, 10, 11, is a river in Africa.

My 10, 9, 12, 5, 11, means to release My whole is the name of one who has proved olf to be as skillful in war as he is in di

#### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 5, 13, 29, 25, 10, 26, 17, was one of the Pre idents of the United States My 7, 3, 5, 14, is a kind of fruit.

My 22, 15, 12, is a useful member My 11, 16, 6, 8, is good in its place 18, 4, 19, 1, is to close

My 24, 21, 3, 8, is used for fuel My 23, 26, 9, 27, is an article of food My whole has caused considerable excitement

#### the United States Maumee City, O. SEDATE PLANT

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, At early morn my first arose, His power is felt through all the earth. Both on the land and over rea.

CHARADE.

And folds their richest vardure was The cattle 'neath the old oak tree, My second are enjoying there.

My whole is used by ladies fair, While my first pursues his way, They form my second by my whole, But use it only through the day. Philadelphia.

#### CHARADE.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A word of five letters, when joined to a crown, Rewarded the soldier first entering a town In Rome's palmy days; if backward 'tis read, It rouses that soldier in terror from bed

My first in music is well known, My second is to earth a ban, My whole, when beard at midnight lone, With terror strikes the heart of man

#### LONGFORD.

CHARADE. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first is a place of resort for the great ;

Upon water my second is found My whole is a term on which lovers agree, Ere Hymen their wishes has crowned

#### TRANSPOSITIONS.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Artscose was a noted philosopher Bunejoy is what some people often do

-Croneelf is a city in Europe -Helptean is an animal. Rosopent is a man always at his post

Maryimont is one of the United States. -Topersat is a town in Maine. Pestecole is an optical instrument

Warren, Vt. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

## WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person made three circular grain bins out of nch stuff, and placed them on a level floor tangent to each other, (that is, they all touched each other externally). The bins were five feet high, and their diameters had the following ratio to each other. The first is to the second as two is to three, The bins being filled with grain, the space bounded of each bin? BENRY F. BEAN. Spring Arbor, Jackson Co., Mich.

#### An answer is requested TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

Northfork, Mason Co., Ky. M. DURANT. An answer is requested.

By what light should a vessel be piloted at night ' Ans .- By a steering (stearine) candle, to Why is a fool in high station like a man in

little to him, and he appears little to every body. Which is the funniest, you or I ' Ans -I, to be sure, because I'm the querist.

The What figure is that which if cut in two, be-

omes nought?

## ASSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA-Juno, daughter of Saturn and Ops, sister and wife of Jupiter, great queen of heaven, and goddess of marriages and births. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Continental CHARADE—Fogbank CHARADE— Canterbury ANAGRAMS—Talbot, Marshall, Duplin, Gasson, Stanley, Sampson, Tatnall, Coweta, Stewart, Marathon. ALGEBRAICAL PRO-BLEM-The drove consisted of 6 horses and 14 oxen. He paid \$50 a head for the horses and \$20 a head for the exen. He sold the horses for \$60 a head, and the exen for \$30 a head. PROBLEM-84 and 81 sides of triangle 15, 14, 13.

BLEM of Artemas Martin, of Venango Co., Pa., published in Tun Post of Jan. 28, 25.51156 gal-Columbiana Co., Ohio. lons of water contained in the cask at the ter tion of the 2d year.